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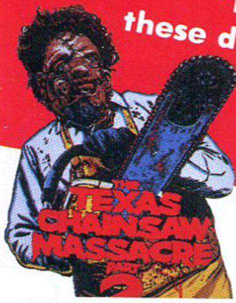
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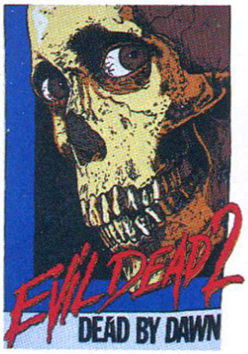
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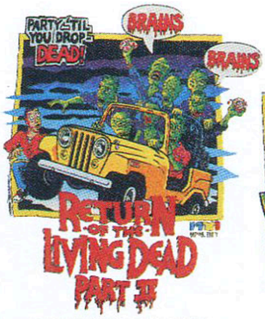
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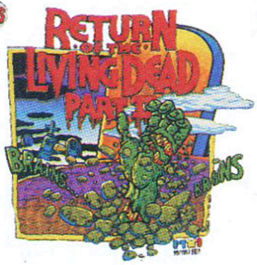
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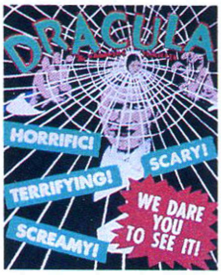
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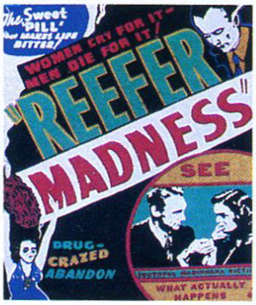
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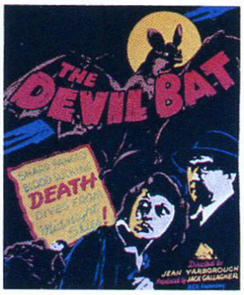
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March 1990
GOREZONE #12

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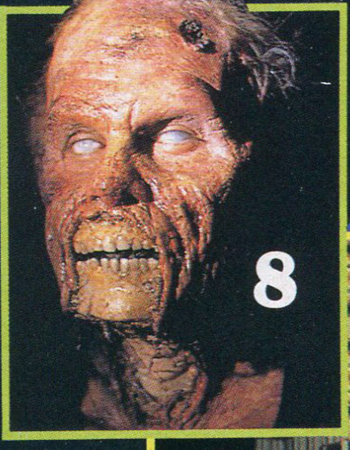

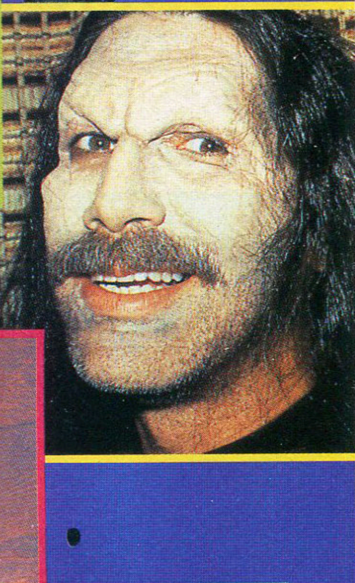

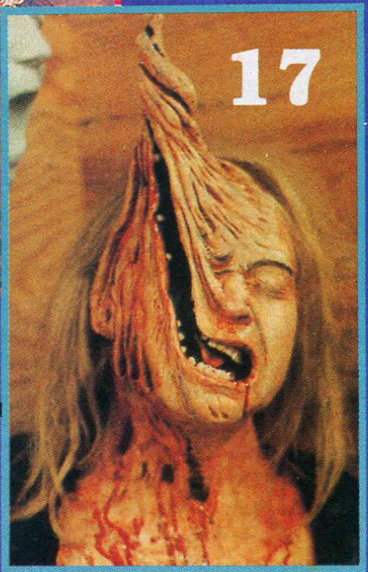

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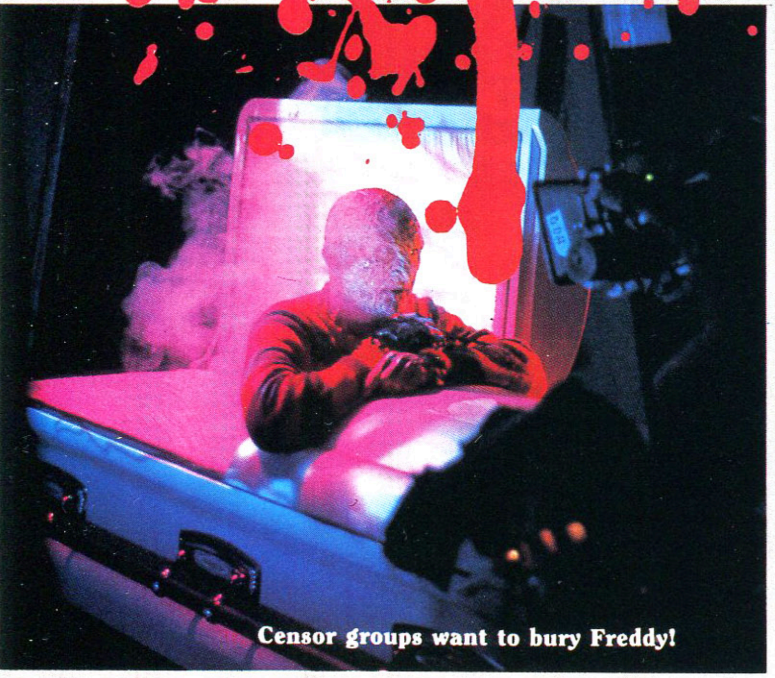
BLOOD FEST

Horror Bashing



Censor groups want to bury Freddy!

In this month's Piece O' Mind column, Chas. Balun comments on the latest rounds of horror-bashing. Last year was *not* a good year for the genre, in more ways than one. Sequel stalwarts Freddy, Jason and Michael Myers fell on their ugly faces, while only *Pet Sematary* could muster any action at the box office. Striking when the opponent's down, the anti-splatter set attacked horror with their best shot. As Chas. relates, groups protested theaters in Los Angeles showing *A Nightmare on Elm Street 5: The Dream Child*, self-righteous religious organizations began threatening the sponsors of *Freddy's Nightmares* and *Friday the 13th: The Series*, and self-proclaimed protectors of humanity threw up bogus statistics about the genre's alleged negative effects on impressionable minds. And that's not all. . .

Item: United Artists, the company that produced the sleeper sensation *Child's Play*, pulled the plug on *Child's Play II* during its preproduction. The company's executive regime decreed that the studio did not wish to associate itself with a horror image. Hollywood insiders gagged on their oat bran over UA's surprising "holier-than-thou" attitude. (It's also commercial suicide, considering the success of the original film.)

Item: Marvel Comics cancelled their *A Nightmare on Elm Street* magazine comic, *before* sales figures came in on the first two issues. Reportedly, Marvel President James Galton never realized what he was getting into when he approved the mag, then canned the book when the first issue came across his desk. Marvel denies that the cancellation was based solely on the comic's content, citing "corporate problems" and a "combination of factors" as the reason.

Item: Ratings squabbles with the MPAA over Wes Craven's *Shocker* and *Leatherface: The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 3* delayed each movie's release, the former by a week and the latter by at least two months. After losing two appeals, the filmmakers heavily cut *'Saw 3* to gain an R rating. New Line Cinema plans on restoring the film for video, a healthy practice they began with *Nightmare 5*. Then again, if others follow the state of Missouri's lead, it may be *illegal* for anyone under the age of 17 to rent violent tapes, as judged by "community standards." (See FANGORIA #89.)

It should be noted that the preceding are all separate, unrelated incidents. That doesn't make it any better. These examples illustrate the backlash that horror is currently experiencing. If a national movement did unite to destroy splatter cinema, can you imagine the damage a concentrated effort could do in this climate? In the September *Video Review*, critic Neal Gabler assailed the storm troopers who tried to ban the controversial *Last Temptation of Christ*. The same methods of intimidation—boycotts and protests—are being waged against fear filmmakers.

"Of course, no one of remotely liberal temperament wants to deny the right to legitimate protest, any more than one can deny that *Last Temptation* could be repugnant to people of certain beliefs," Gabler wrote. "Fundamentalists have as much right to sound the alarms and march against a movie as blacks, Jews, Muslims and any other offended group has to protest what offends them—though one can and should make the distinction between protests that seek to open new avenues, as the civil rights movement did, and those that seek to close them. After all, no power, not even [a film studio], forces anyone to see a movie. It is only when protest becomes intimidation, when sounding one's grievance becomes a means of denying others access, that the bounds between legitimacy and illegitimacy are crossed."

So where do you come in? Your weapon is the pen: *Write* to United Artists (450 Roxbury Drive, Beverly Hills, CA 90210) and tell 'em you want to see horror movies; *write* to Marvel Comics (387 Park Avenue South, NY, NY 10016) and say you miss their Freddy comic; *write* to the MPAA (1133 Avenue of the Americas, NY, NY 10036) and insist they institute a new rating system for adult horror films (see FANGORIA #64); *write* to your local TV stations and pledge your support for *Freddy's Nightmares*, etc.; and most importantly, let your congressional leaders know that you oppose artistic censorship of *any* kind.

—Anthony Timpone
Editor

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(WITH SLIDES AND/OR FOOTAGE)

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GUT reactions

FREDDY FUN!

...I have just bought a copy of your FREDDY magazine about *Nightmare 5*, and it's fantastic. I'm a big Freddy fan, and when GOREZONE first came out, I was never more delighted. Keep up the good work and remember that there are blood and guts fans here in Ireland!

Brendan McNeely
Swinford Road
Foxford, County Mayo
Ireland

...I'm writing to answer a letter in GOREZONE #10 by Scott C. Alden. Even though I agree with most things he said, I have to disagree with him (and many others) about *Freddy's Nightmares*. It seems as though everyone has been dumping on this series, when in truth, it is without a doubt the best television show on the air. Scott said that Freddy was "embarrassing" himself. Not true! Every episode I've seen so far has told a serious and horrific fable about everyday problems. "Safe Sex" and "Killer Instinct" were two of the finest pieces of work I've ever watched on TV. I don't want to put down *Monsters*, but they have had some downright stupid episodes, like "Satan in the Suburbs." So please, give credit where credit is due, and stop ranking on *Freddy's Nightmares*.

Chris Green
8213 Woodlawn Avenue
Munster, IN 46321

Freddy's Nightmares over Monsters? That's just the thing to fire up "Satan in the Suburbs."

Photo: Copyright Laurel

HIDE THIS MAG BEFORE SOMEONE BURNS IT!

...I first came across GOREZONE (red Cadillac of dark dreams) at Walden's. It was the premiere issue and the cover stopped me, made me take a long look. It was further, tougher, harder-rocking than anything I'd seen before, and of course I had to have it. In my opinion, for those so inclined, the search for a "getcha" only gets harder, and I was pleasantly surprised to find such a twisted nightside journal.

In this light, the November issue's opening editorial was disturbing. I find it outrageous to have taste in art legislated, something that is really the muscle at the end of a microcephalic sneer. My eventual, ongoing reaction was paranoia, a familiar dread going back to 1969 when large Blue Meanies first classified adventure as deviant, and made disguise essential.

I thought it courageous of you to share the fact that the magazine was being pushed for compromise, for I'm sure there was pressure to compromise silently. As for your request for fan support, I plan to do what's necessary as a GoreZonian Receptor. For me, making a free choice, there is something fine about riding too fast in a red Caddy, into a dead black horizon, to see the sights.

Larry Berry
Denver, CO

...I would like to voice my opinion about the censorship problem. In GOREZONE #10, Mr. Timpone talks about GOREZONE #8 being "banned from a convenience store," due to parental complaints that the "cover is too bloody."

These people are complaining about the outside—not the contents! They obviously couldn't tell the difference between special FX and reality. They fear that drugs, guns and violence are infesting our nation's youth. They try their best to stop a publi-

cation that promotes none of these things.

Don't you hate these people who judge a book by its cover?

John Florendo
Editor/Artist, *Crimson Red*
162-10 78th Road
Fresh Meadows, NY 11366

"OPERA" OCCLUDED!

...Thanks for the in-depth analysis of the *Opera* cuts.

After months of wondering, I was thrilled to find out the copy I have is uncut. (It sure seemed too graphic to have been an edited version.)

Anyway, what I can't understand is where all the edited versions have come from. Cechhi Gori (the film's world sales company) has been shopping around the uncut *Opera* to domestic distributors for some time now. Luckily, I made a copy, not knowing the film would follow in the footsteps of Argento's other butchered masterpieces.

When will Argento, probably the finest horror auteur in the world, ever be recognized and given the proper respect? I'm sick of watching all his films with Japanese subtitles on the bottom of the screen!

Jeff McKay
2721 6th Street #208
Santa Monica, CA 90405

VIDEO VIGILANCE!

...The video industry is a double-edged sword when it comes to horror. It has condemned many films worthy of decent theatrical release to collect dust on the shelves of a video store, but at the same time it has made films available that were impossible to see before the advent of home video. I suppose the advantages of the latter outweigh the disadvantages of the former, especially when it involves seeing the uncut or unrated version of a film. But alas, even this consolation is in jeopardy.

I want to impress all GoreZonians with the following request: Rent your videos from video stores, preferably independently owned ones, and not from grocery stores and other businesses who just want to make a fast buck at the expense of the video consumer. Many supermarkets and other large stores will not carry the unrated version of a movie if an R-rated version is available, and some stores will not carry unrated product at all. They won't handle them for the same reason they won't carry GOREZONE and other magazines like it: They can't afford to offend anybody.

Sure, your local "Mom and Pop" video store may not have the 99-cent rentals that 7-Eleven has, but they're far more likely to carry Argento's *Inferno*, *Ilsa: She-Wolf of the SS* or the Jesus Franco films that grocery stores wouldn't touch with a 10-foot pole. What's worse, these would-be video retailers are driving the video specialists out of business. Since supermarkets buy everything in huge quantities, they can afford to lower their prices to levels that locally owned video stores can't afford to match. So if you want to continue seeing uncut and obscure horror on tape, support your local video store and boycott grocery stores who think they know what the video consumer wants.

Mike Grover
12567 S.E. Linwood
Milwaukie, OR 97222

Art: Rik Norush

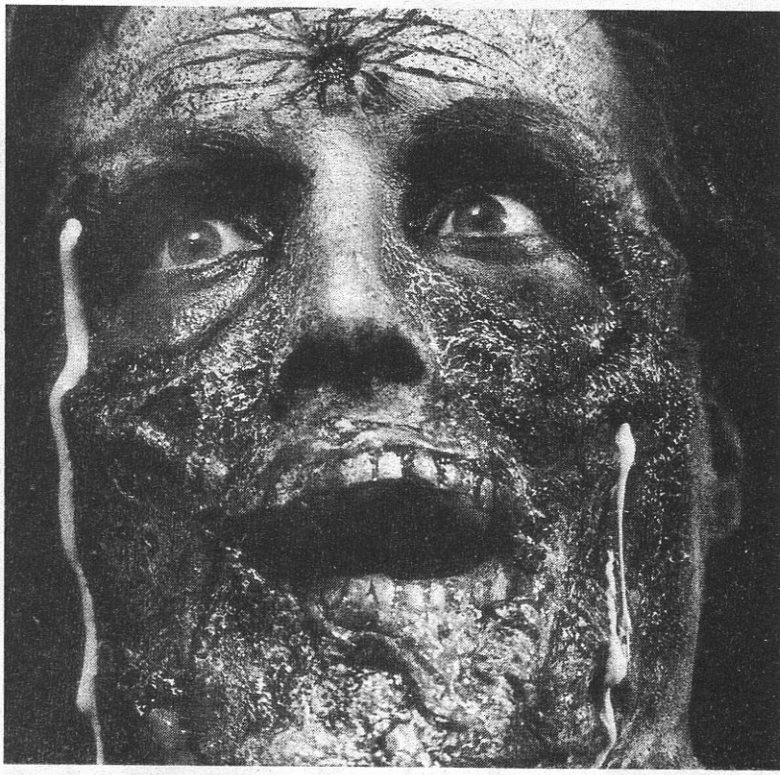

Photo: Gary Ruble/Cornerstone Production Co.

Zombie alert! *The Dead Pit* comes to video this year.

"SCARECROWS" SEQUEL?

...Hello, GOREZONE! Congratulations on a darned fine magazine. I've followed your mag ever since issue #1 and enjoyed every clam-bakin' page. But one article in issue #7 about the fantastic film *Scarecrows* has had me anticipating the proposed sequel, *Scarecrows II: The Last Straw*. Any word about it yet?

Jim (R.K.) Trinkel
Tonkersville, MA

Director Bill Wesley reports a great deal of interest in the project, but there's no definite news yet.

GRATEFUL "DEAD PIT"!

...I just wanted to thank you for the great coverage of *The Dead Pit* in the September issue of GOREZONE. However, I would like to clear up something: It was *not* Rick Baker but Chris Walas, the latter of whom I traveled with to Japan. In addition, on page 66 of the same issue, Futureshock ran a photograph of the evil Dr. Ramzis melting down in the film's climactic conclusion. This shot went uncredited, and I would like to state that the special contact lenses used were donated by Robert Alden May of Cine F/X Studios, although he unfortunately was overlooked in the end credits. By the way, *The Dead Pit* has now been picked up for domestic distribution by Imperial Entertainment. It should be out on videotape sometime this year.

Ed Martinez
Special FX Director,
The Dead Pit
Hayward, CA

Remember, address your letters and cartoons to GOREZONE Gut Reactions, 475 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. Include a SASE if you want your art returned. Include a request for some famous person's address or phone number if you want us to laugh and throw out your letter. Sorry, absolutely no personal replies.

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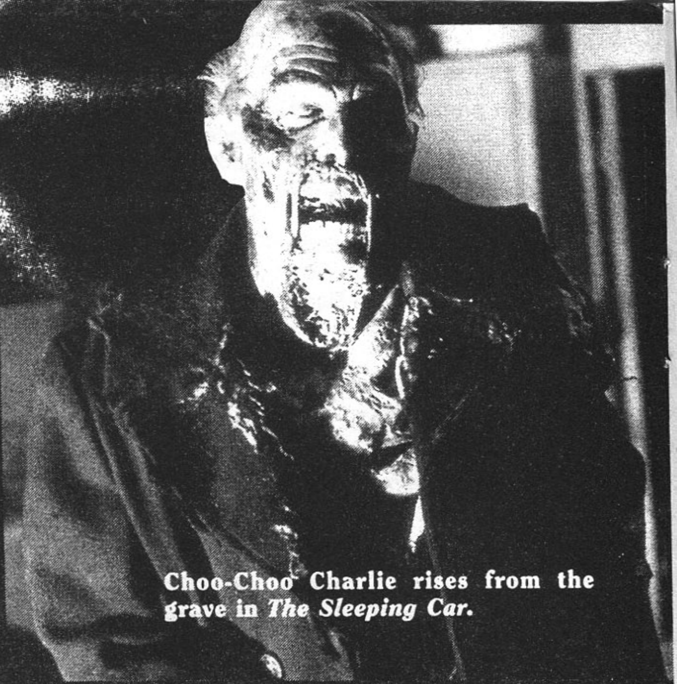
PREVIEW

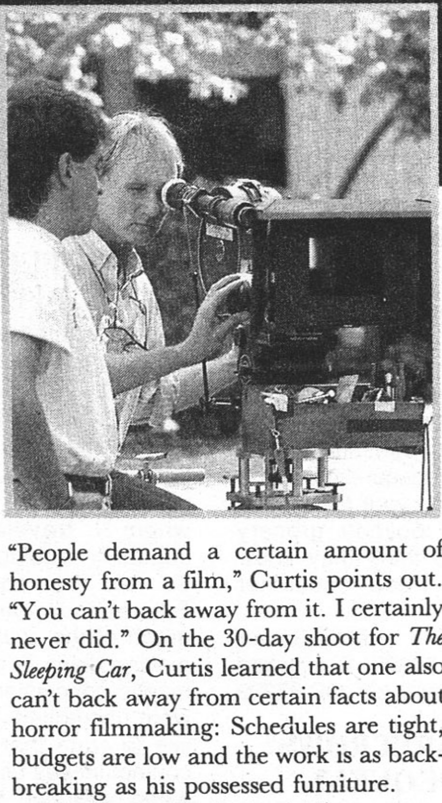
Douglas Curtis Rides THE SLEEPING CAR

By ROGER BERRIAN



Choo-Choo Charlie rises from the grave in *The Sleeping Car.*

"Even when you've got the best special effects people in the world, you're still at the mercy of the effects."



Douglas Curtis (behind camera) scopes out his next shot, ever mindful of budget and time concerns.

It's like the Venus flytrap of sofa beds: very attractive when you look at it all laid out and made, but if you happen to be in its disfavor, it devours you."

Douglas Curtis is talking about the carnivorous couch in his new film, *The Sleeping Car*. The killer convertible is the favorite toy of a malevolent spirit called the Mister. The sofa bed lures human prey into taking a nap, straps them tight with springs, then folds back into a sofa—snapping its victims like popsicle sticks in the process—and absorbs the bodies. "In one scene," Curtis enthuses, "springs come out of the bed and skewer an antagonist through the chest."

Don't turn the page. *The Sleeping Car* isn't another lame horror comedy. Although the film does have its laughs (after all, a man-eating sofa?) producer/director Curtis asserts that *The Sleeping Car* is very graphic and serious. "People demand a certain amount of honesty from a film," Curtis points out. "You can't back away from it. I certainly never did." On the 30-day shoot for *The Sleeping Car*, Curtis learned that one also can't back away from certain facts about horror filmmaking: Schedules are tight, budgets are low and the work is as backbreaking as his possessed furniture.

The Sleeping Car is Curtis' first venture into the horror genre. It is also the first feature he has directed as well as produced since 1976. As producer of 1984's *The Philadelphia Experiment* and a producer and second unit director of 1986's *Black Moon Rising*, he has grown used to adequate budgets and ample working time. Yet he got *The Sleeping Car* rolling in only five weeks, "at one-tenth of what it should have cost."

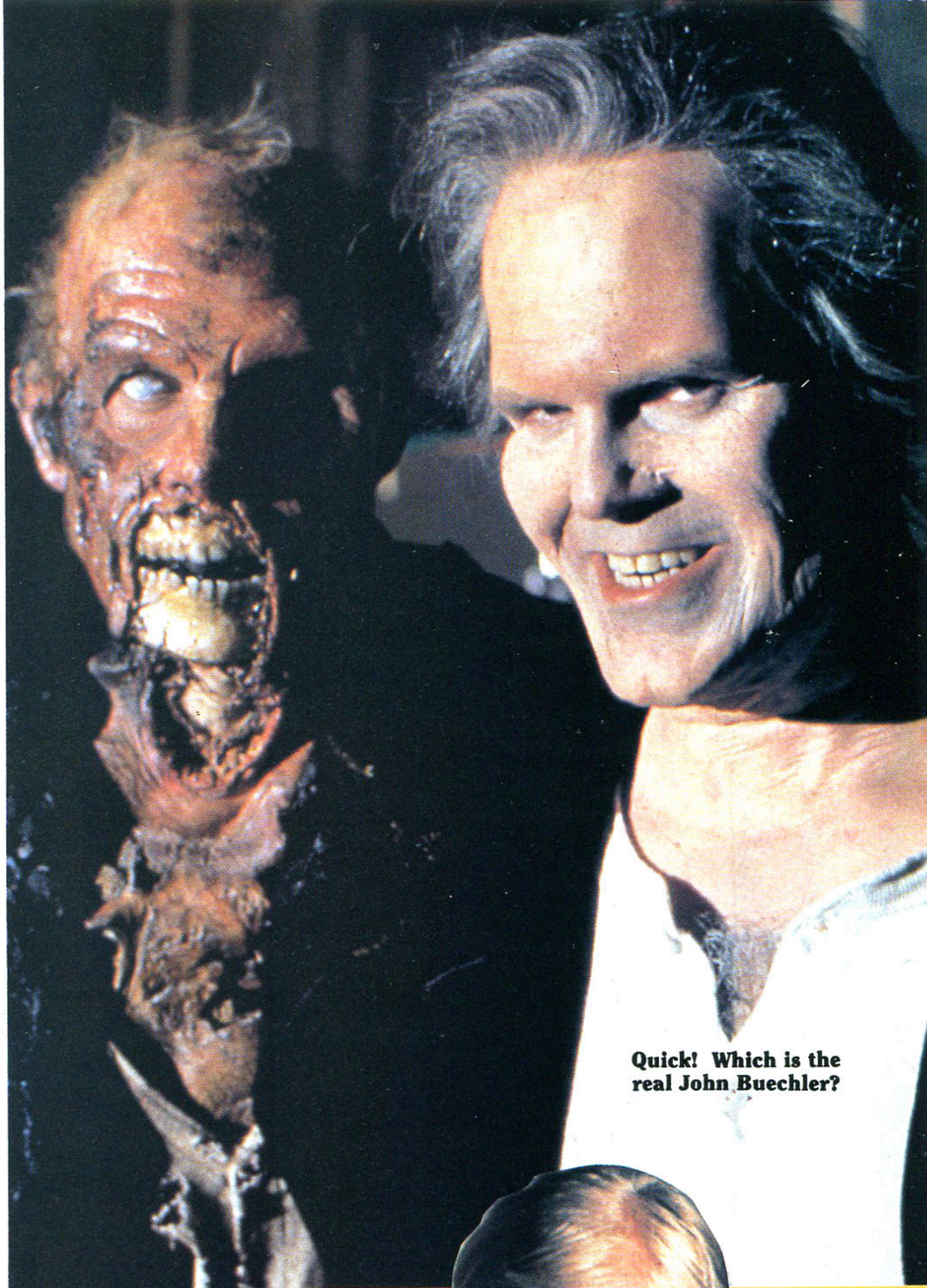
Curtis describes *The Sleeping Car* as a mixture of *A Nightmare on Elm Street* and *Poltergeist*. Jason McCree, played by David Naughton of *An American Werewolf in London* fame, divorces his nagging wife and returns to college as a journalism student. A railroad buff, he thinks he's on the right track when he finds an apartment in a converted railroad car. He builds up steam when he meets beautiful coed Kim (Judie Aronson), but he derails at the sight of a rotting ghost haunting his apartment. It's the ghost of the Mister.

In life, the Mister was a railroad engineer. He was killed long ago in a train accident in which hundreds of his passengers also died. Townsfolk still blame the Mister for the catastrophe, although it was actually the fault of a negligent fireman. Angered over being railroaded, the Mister has returned to engineer as many gory deaths as possible. After spotting the apparition, Jason seeks the help of his elderly neighbor in the next apartment, Vincent Tuttle (Kevin McCarthy), a practitioner of witchcraft. Tuttle goes to work on a potion to rid the sleeping car of old Casey Bones.

Meantime, the Mister is punching a few tickets. His first victim is a troublesome college jock who bumps into the Mister while trashing Jason's apartment. Then Jason's journalism professor is swallowed by the Mister's pet sofa. Later, Jason's ex-wife pays a surprise visit to the sleeping car—only to be surprised herself by the murderous ghost. In the fiery climax, the Mister turns his full fury on Jason, Kim and Tuttle.

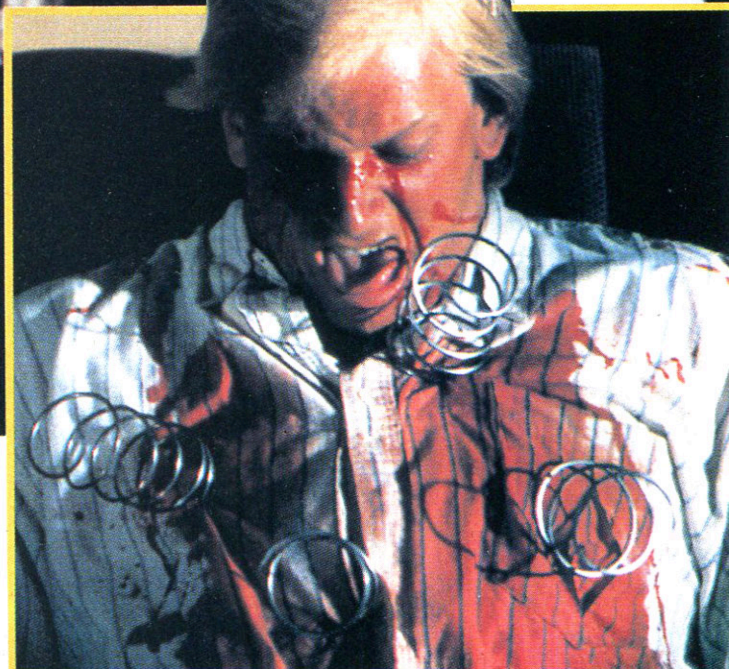
The Sleeping Car was written by Greg O'Neill. "What I liked about Greg's screenplay was that it had an enormous amount of humor without being disrespectful toward the genre," relates Curtis. Following a bidding war in Hollywood among several small companies for rights to the project, *The Sleeping Car* wound up in the hands of Vidmark Entertainment. "They gave me the freedom and leeway to do the film as I saw it," Curtis assesses. The production and distribution company will send *The Sleeping Car* down the regional line early this year.

Two weeks of interiors were shot on a soundstage at the former Hollywood Men's Club, where an exact replica of an old railroad sleeping car had been constructed. Most of the sequences with the hungry sofa were filmed at this time. Curtis required the thing to shoot vinelike springs around its victims. His longtime working relationship with Effects Unlimited co-manager Gabe Videla enabled him to secure the company he calls "absolutely the best in the business" despite the film's limited budget. "Gabe worked on *The Philadelphia Experiment* and *Black Moon Rising* with me," Curtis relates. "I can always say to him, 'Hey Gabe, this movie is very complicated, and maybe next time around we'll have the same budget that we did last time around.'



Quick! Which is the real John Buechler?

Photo: Copyright New World



Another college jock meets his comeuppance at the arms of the killer couch.

The Mister itches to get back to his throttle.

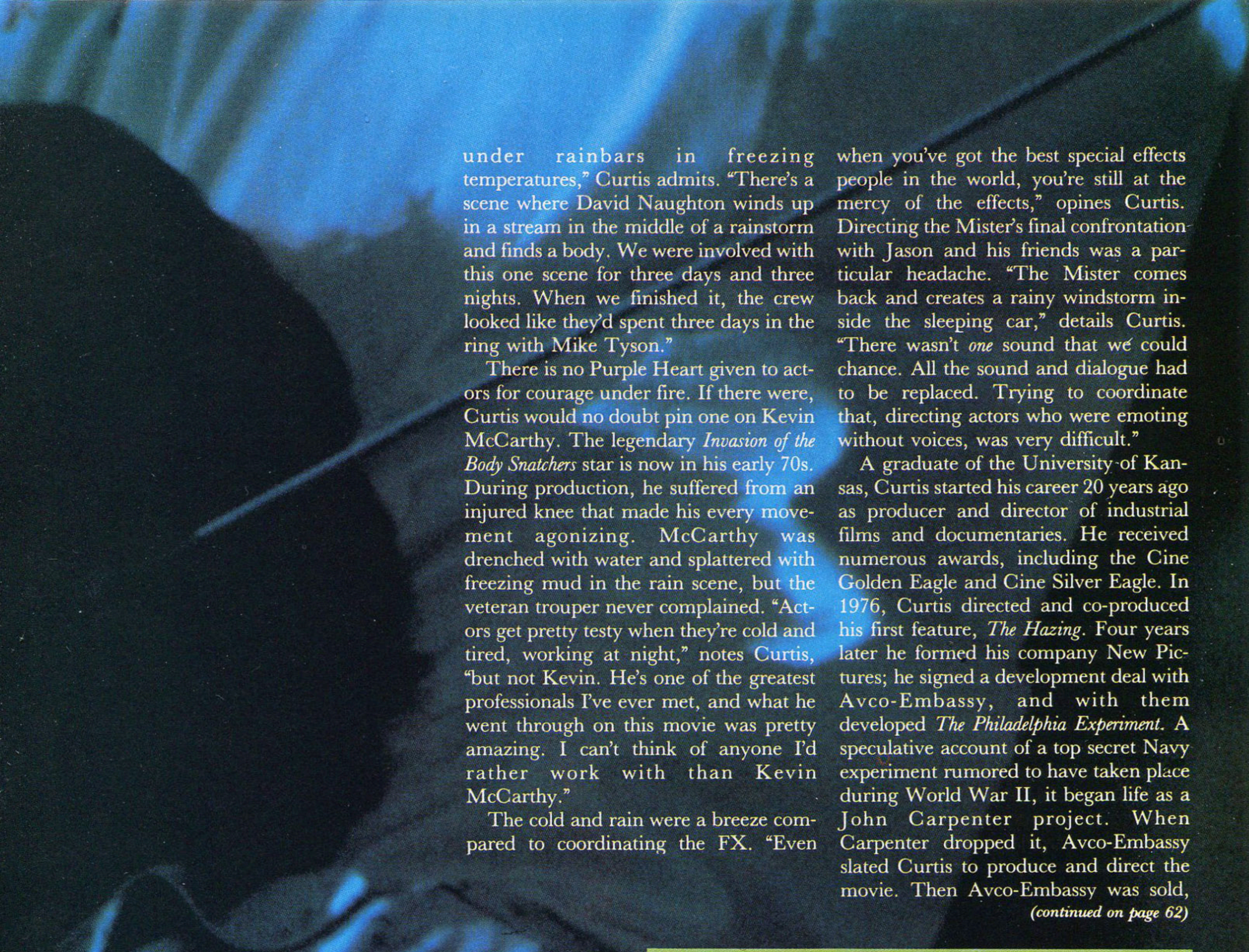
> "*The Sleeping Car*'s screenplay had an enormous amount of humor without being disrespectful toward the genre."

And Gabe did it. The bed is ingenious, very clever and creative. You wouldn't want to sleep on it."

The remaining FX sequences, including scenes involving the Mister, were filmed during preproduction and postproduction. Special makeup FX for the Mister were created by John Carl Buechler, who whipped up a skeletal creature with jaws and teeth jutting from the rest of the face. Gooey flesh drips from the jaws and a gaping hole in the neck reveals the thorax. "I saw just about every effects guy in the business," claims Curtis, "but John seemed so superior in attitude and ability that I hired him."

Buechler not only created the film's special makeup, he also plays the Mister. He is seen first as a rotting ghost, and later, in flashbacks without special makeup, as the man behind the throttle of old Number 11. "I found that John was one of the people who made this thing work," enthuses Curtis. "He's a wonderful makeup man, and he also turned out to be quite a good actor."

Opticals for *The Sleeping Car* were handled by Max (*Airplane!*) Anderson. "Max created lightning effects, apparitions, everything you can imagine," praises Curtis. One of Anderson's most spectacular FX occurs at the climax of the film when the Mister, after being set



ablaze by one of Tuttle's potions, shoots off enough electrical energy to light Las Vegas.

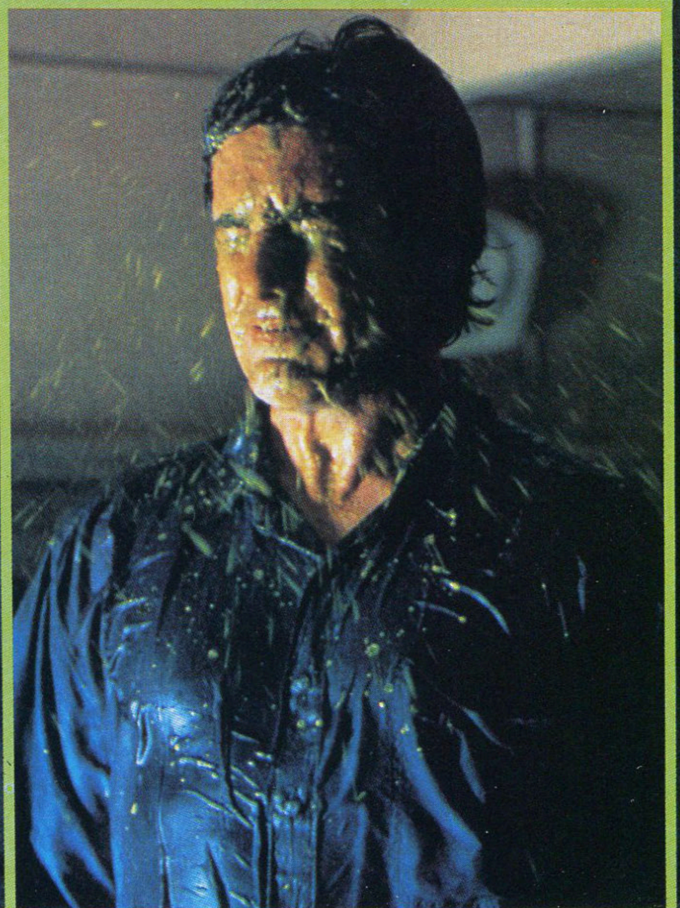
After finishing on the soundstage, the production moved to the rugged Malibu Hills for a week-and-a-half exterior shoot. Curtis reports that things got rough in the great outdoors. It was necessary to do all filming at night, and the nighttime temperatures last April dropped to almost freezing. Artificial rain added to the discomfort. "I don't think there's anything worse you can do to a cast and crew than make them work under rainbars in freezing temperatures," Curtis admits. "There's a scene where David Naughton winds up in a stream in the middle of a rainstorm and finds a body. We were involved with this one scene for three days and three nights. When we finished it, the crew looked like they'd spent three days in the ring with Mike Tyson."

There is no Purple Heart given to actors for courage under fire. If there were, Curtis would no doubt pin one on Kevin McCarthy. The legendary *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* star is now in his early 70s. During production, he suffered from an injured knee that made his every movement agonizing. McCarthy was drenched with water and splattered with freezing mud in the rain scene, but the veteran trouper never complained. "Actors get pretty testy when they're cold and tired, working at night," notes Curtis, "but not Kevin. He's one of the greatest professionals I've ever met, and what he went through on this movie was pretty amazing. I can't think of anyone I'd rather work with than Kevin McCarthy."

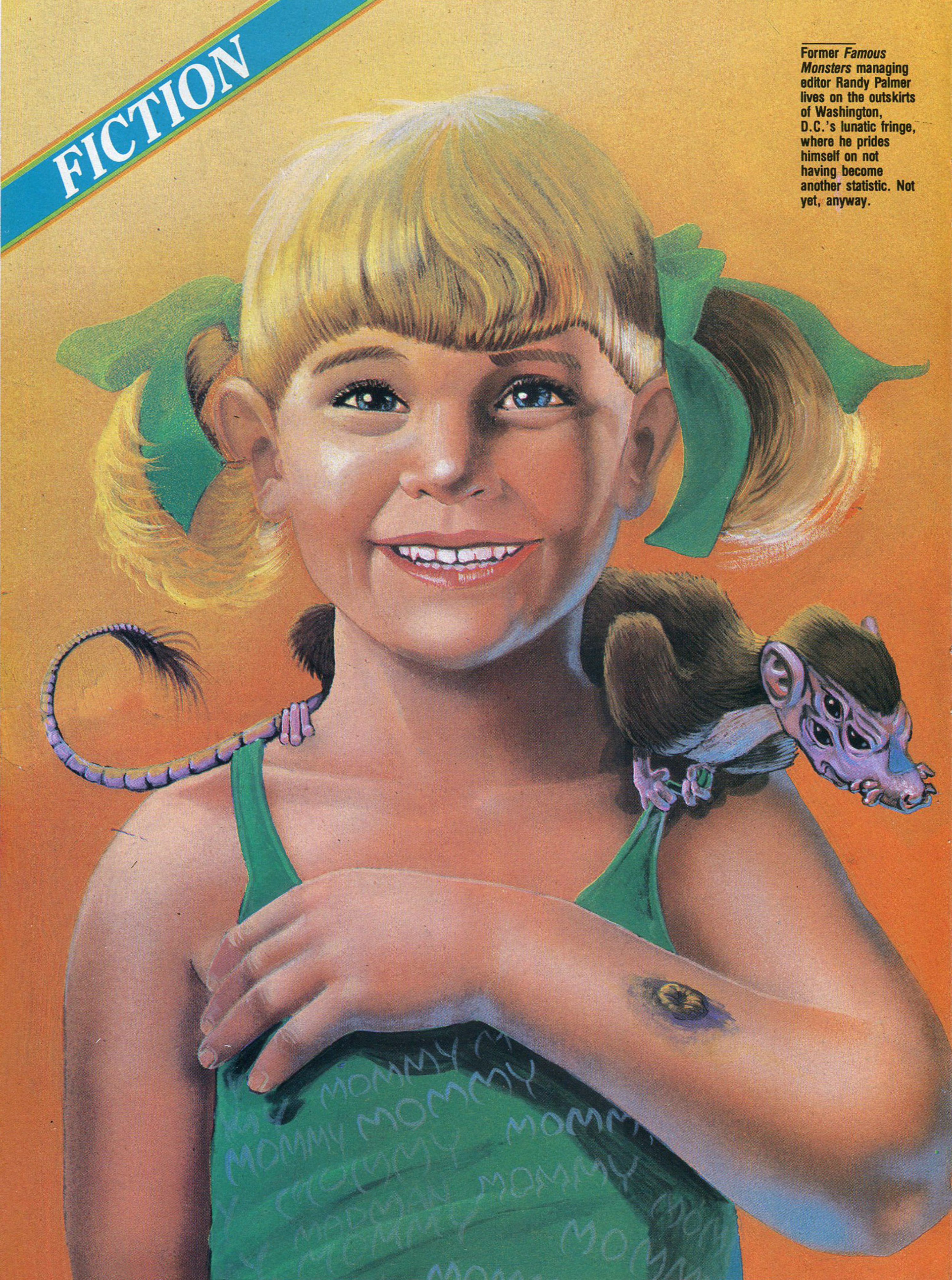
The cold and rain were a breeze compared to coordinating the FX. "Even when you've got the best special effects people in the world, you're still at the mercy of the effects," opines Curtis. Directing the Mister's final confrontation with Jason and his friends was a particular headache. "The Mister comes back and creates a rainy windstorm inside the sleeping car," details Curtis. "There wasn't *one* sound that we could chance. All the sound and dialogue had to be replaced. Trying to coordinate that, directing actors who were emoting without voices, was very difficult."

A graduate of the University of Kansas, Curtis started his career 20 years ago as producer and director of industrial films and documentaries. He received numerous awards, including the Cine Golden Eagle and Cine Silver Eagle. In 1976, Curtis directed and co-produced his first feature, *The Hazing*. Four years later he formed his company New Pictures; he signed a development deal with Avco-Embassy, and with them developed *The Philadelphia Experiment*. A speculative account of a top secret Navy experiment rumored to have taken place during World War II, it began life as a John Carpenter project. When Carpenter dropped it, Avco-Embassy slated Curtis to produce and direct the movie. Then Avco-Embassy was sold,

(continued on page 62)



David Naughton tries some spewed vomit on for size.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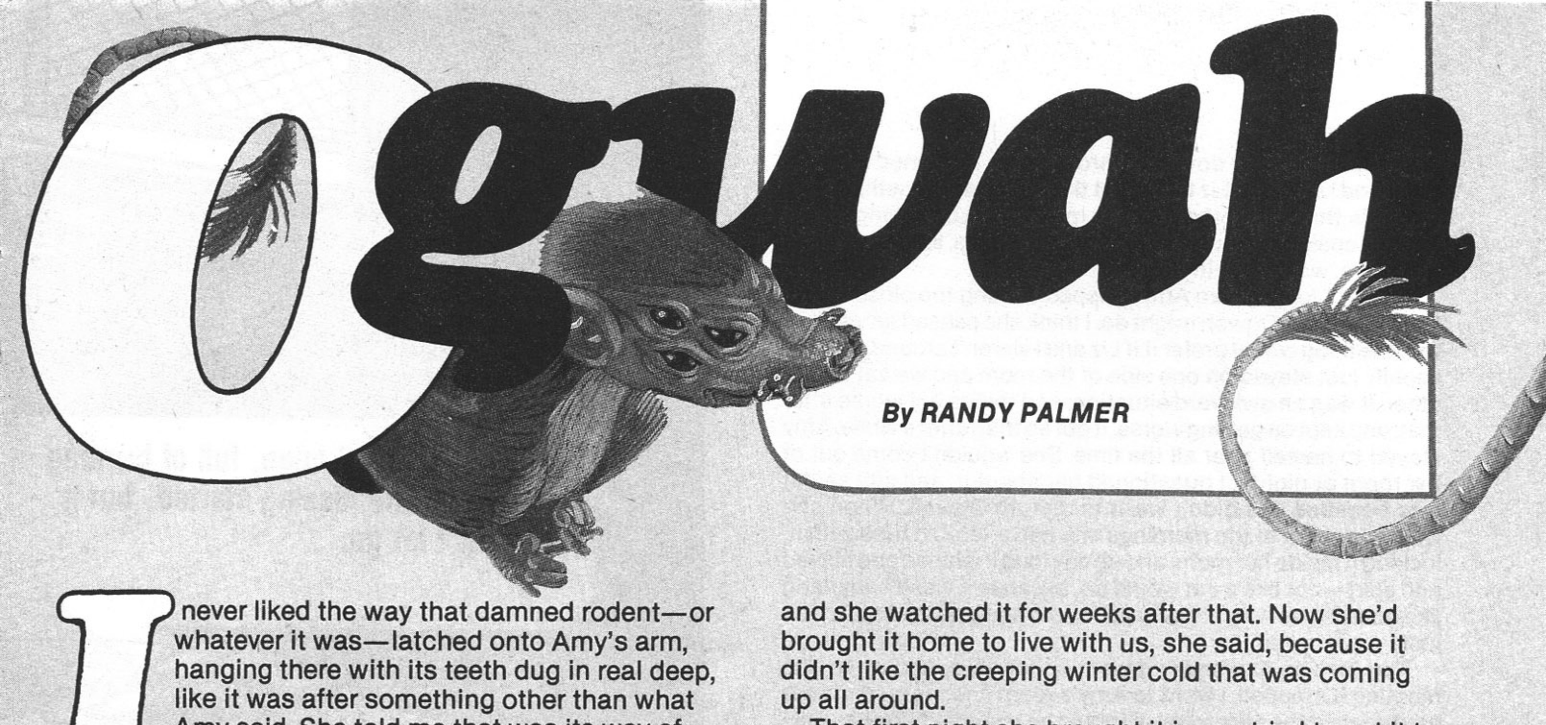
Former *Famous Monsters* managing editor Randy Palmer lives on the outskirts of Washington, D.C.'s lunatic fringe, where he prides himself on not having become another statistic. Not yet, anyway.



Ogwah

By RANDY PALMER

I never liked the way that damned rodent—or whatever it was—latched onto Amy's arm, hanging there with its teeth dug in real deep, like it was after something other than what Amy said. She told me that was its way of showing affection, but I never could understand how she stood it, just sitting there dabbing mindlessly at the running blood with a towel, like it didn't bother her in the least. Well, I guess maybe it didn't, after all, least not at first, but when Liz and I first saw that thing hanging onto her like that, we nearly died.

Amy said she'd found the thing out back, slinking through the tall weeds out past the old, dead vegetable patch. Nothing would grow out there anymore, nothing worthwhile, and it's mostly just those weeds waving lazily in the wind and big brownish clumps of dead grass nowadays. Amy used to go out there by herself, late in the afternoon with the October sun creeping down on the horizon when everything got to looking cold and yellow-sour. We told her there wasn't nothing out there that could interest a kid her age, just a lot of bugs and of course the mice that got into the shed, but she wouldn't listen. She'd stay out there for hours at a time, till it got real dark and Liz would call her in for supper.

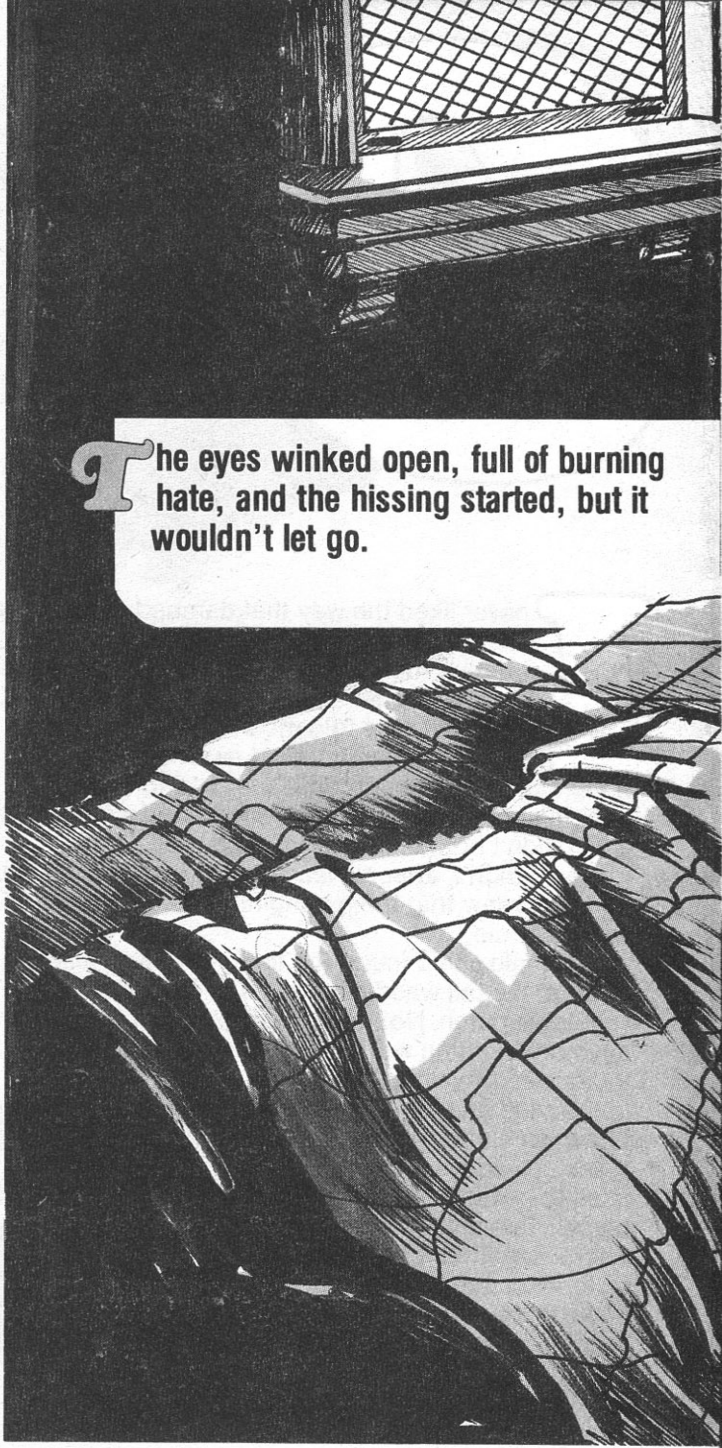
I still remember that first day when Amy came in with the thing she named Ogwah draped around her neck. It was limp, and its fur was all matted down, and those terrible black claws dangled down her front like they were reaching for her little breasts. It was an ugly sight. I thought at first it was something dead she'd picked up, but Liz noticed one of the eyes open real wide, and staring hard. It had cold, lizard-kind of eyes, more than two, so it wasn't nothing natural, you could see that much right off. But Amy was all smiles that first day, stroking the thing and scratching it behind its pointed ears the way some people might do a cat. She said she'd seen it out there in the weeds before. It would only come out in the twilight, and one night it crawled right up out of a hole in the ground, and she watched it for weeks after that. Now she'd brought it home to live with us, she said, because it didn't like the creeping winter cold that was coming up all around.

That first night she brought it in, we tried to get it to take some food and water. Amy pulled it from around her neck and set it on the floor in front of a bowl we used to keep out back when Duke was alive. Liz cut up some hamburger meat and put it in the bowl, but Ogwah wouldn't touch it. It jumped back up on Amy's bony shoulders and draped itself around her neck again, tucking its long head under her chin and letting those claws hang down the front of her blouse. It seemed to take to her, that was for sure.

Well, Liz and I put up with it at first; we didn't say much. It was an ugly beast, and whenever it opened all those beady eyes I would get the shivers something awful. Sometimes it would stare like it was getting ready to leap across the room and take a big chunk out of you. I think Liz could feel the menace too, but she never said anything. I tried to tell Amy there was something wrong with the thing—who knew what kind of disease it might have?—but she wouldn't listen. She cuddled the beast and stroked it and even whispered to it on occasion, and I don't mind saying that made me feel pretty uneasy.

I tried to tell Amy that there was something wrong with the thing—who knew what kind of disease it might have?—but she wouldn't listen.

After that, both me and Liz tried to keep our distance from the thing as much as possible. There was something unwholesome about it that made me shrink back instinctively. It wouldn't take the food we gave it, and that was strange in itself. And it wasn't like any other farm animal I'd ever seen. Wouldn't come near Liz or me, even weeks after Amy had first brought it into the house. When we'd watch the television set in the living room, Ogwah would drape lazily around the girl's neck, but if I went anywhere near Amy the thing would rear up and those eyes would snap open, big balls of shiny wet blackness, and pin a hideous stare on me. It made funny hissing sounds, and it had the strangest mouth.



The eyes winked open, full of burning hate, and the hissing started, but it wouldn't let go.

You could see way down its throat when it opened its jaws wide, and I swore to Liz that night the thing had something else down its throat; another mouth, maybe, or something like it, 'cause I could see rows of pointed shiny things, like more teeth, lots more, way down in there.

It wasn't long before Amy stopped coming too close to me, for fear of what Ogwah might do. I think she sensed as well as I that the thing would prefer it if Liz and I weren't around, so Amy usually just stayed on one side of the room and we sat on the other. It was an awkward situation, and things got worse after that, and kept on getting worse. It got so that, after a while, Amy stayed to herself near all the time. She wouldn't come out of her room at nights. I questioned her about it, and she said it was because she didn't want to disturb Ogwah. When she went to school in the mornings she had a terrible time with it, locking it inside her room; and all day long it whined and hissed and spat—not like a cat would do, because it wasn't anything like a cat. There wasn't a way you could really describe it. It was just. . . *abnormal.*

That hissing and howling went on for days, and when one morning it stopped, I went to Amy's room and pressed my ear hard against the door to see if I could hear something else. But I didn't hear anything at all, and secretly I hoped that the thing had managed to get out of the house somehow, and crawl back to its burrow or nest or wherever in hell it had come from.

I found out later that, once the cold November weather had set in, Amy was taking it to school with her, bundled up beneath her overcoat. I tried to put my foot down then, but Amy wouldn't have it. Finally even Liz told me to leave the girl alone, that Ogwah wasn't doing her any real harm. I'd argue *that* point, but they didn't seem to want to listen. I was being an old fool, living in the past, they said. Things were different these days, and the ways of fate and evolution were mysterious. Sometimes I thought I wouldn't be able to stand it anymore, especially when they started that kind of talk. During those times I'd rave at Amy and demand she get rid of the damned pest. Ogwah would look up when I said such things, open its eyes and that cavernous mouth and start that infernal hissing, just like it could understand what I said, and didn't like it one bit.

Things got real bad about the middle of December, when I found Amy shut up in the back room with the lights turned off. Liz had been up before me that morning, and she said Amy wouldn't eat any breakfast. I went back to see what was wrong. The door was locked, and she growled at me to keep away. She said she was sick and couldn't go to school that day, or the next day or the next. She was tired and wanted to sleep and please, please, wouldn't I leave her alone. The tone in her voice upset me but I went away and left her alone for an hour or so. When I came back, she wouldn't speak to me at all, not even through the shut door, so I got a screwdriver from the kitchen drawer and jimmied the lock open.

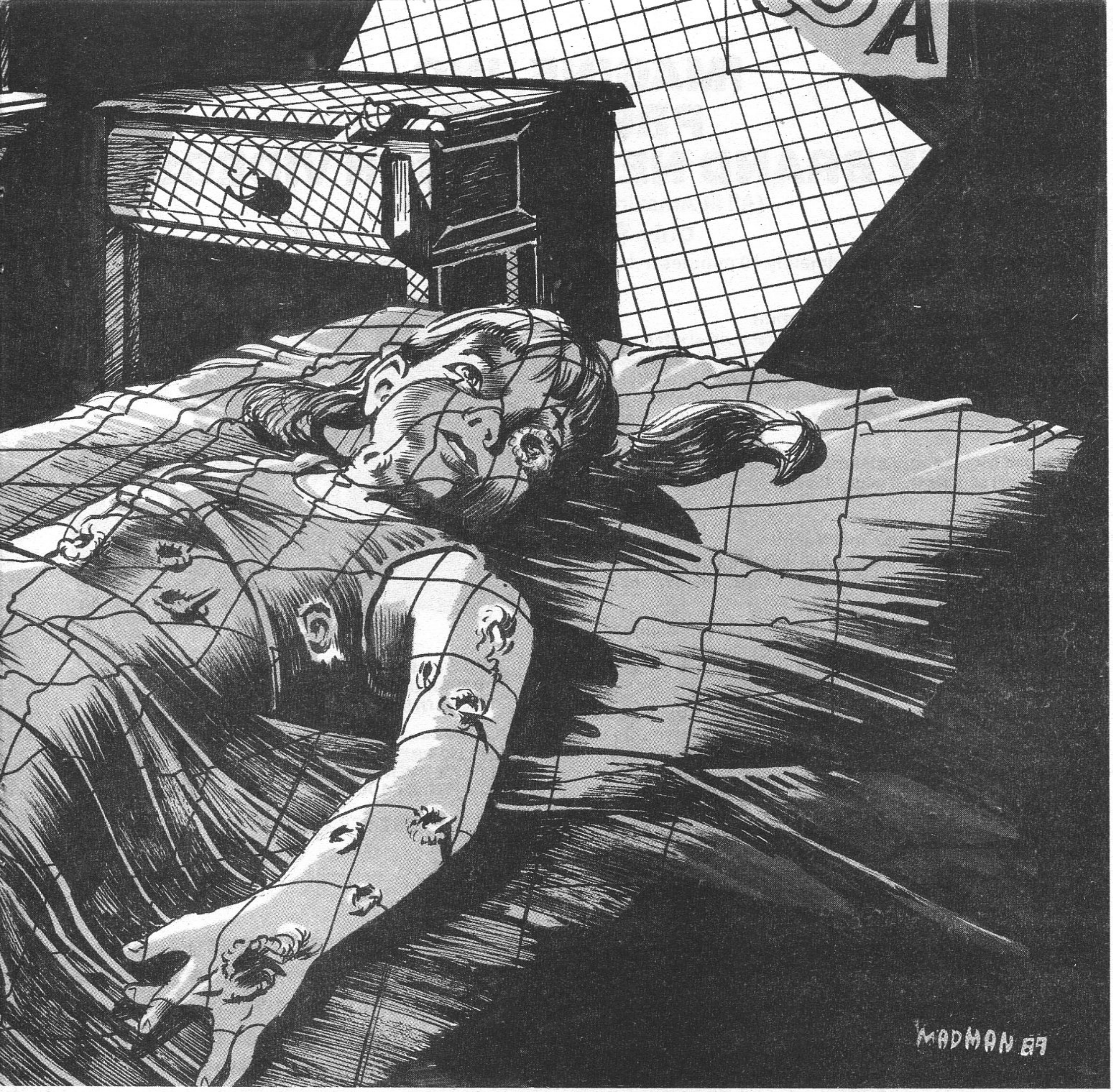
She was lying face-up on the bed, unmoving, her eyes open wide and unblinking. I yelled at her to get up, but she didn't budge. She had her scrawny arms folded, her fists clenched. The thing was hanging there, its mouth clamped tight on her right forearm—and it was *chewing*. Those sounds made my stomach heave.

I grabbed Ogwah with both hands and tried to pry it loose from Amy's arm. The eyes winked open, full of burning hate, and the hissing started, but it wouldn't let go. Its teeth were set into her flesh tight. I started ranting, and a split-second later Amy sat straight up in bed and screamed at me to leave. I thought that somehow she wasn't aware of what the creature was doing to her. Then I looked down and saw the other marks—the bites, all swole up and festered, where it had been at her before.

I ran to call Dr. Marsh, but Liz wouldn't let me. She told me to leave the girl be, everything would be all right. It didn't make sense, letting a frail young girl like Amy be victimized by that bloodsucking parasite. But Liz pulled the phone right out of the wall, and when I tried to get back to Amy's room she hit me with her fist. She kept on hitting me until I gave up and flopped down on the couch, afraid of what she might do next. I felt sick. Then she told me a few things, and that's when I realized this must have been going on for a while. Liz must have known about it all along. And that made me even sicker.

Amy hardly ever came out of her room after that day. It got so she wouldn't go anywhere at all, and I knew she was letting that thing suck her life away. She ate little anymore, and looked like hell, bitten and scratched like she was, but she never said a word, just ignored me most of the time and spoke to her mother sometimes when my back was turned.

Liz and I didn't speak after that. When I came to bed, she was usually already asleep, and in the mornings she would go into Amy's room herself, locking the door behind her so I couldn't



get in. The door stayed locked all day, too, and the next time I'd see Liz was near suppertime, when she'd set up the table.

The only way to get to Amy now was when Liz was asleep, so one night I waited up till past 1:00, looking at the TV set but not really watching it, until I was certain Liz was sleeping. Then I crept down the hallway to Amy's room. The boards creaked something awful, but I was lucky and no one woke.

Amy's door was locked, as usual, but the lock gave easily under the pressure of my screwdriver, and I drew out my folding knife, ready to plunge it to the hilt into that monstrosity. Then, when I clicked on the light, I dropped the knife.

The body on the bed was almost unrecognizable. Amy looked twisted and grotesque, bloated beyond any normal human proportion. Great welts and pus-infected sores had broken open, and the bedsheets were red with gore.

I could tell right off she was dead. Then Liz was suddenly behind me, yelling obscenities and trying to pull me away. The sores on Amy's body were still opening up, right in front of me, and horrid little things were coming out, biting and clawing through the ruined flesh, pushing out of the wounds where the thing had been gnawing and feeding and God knows what else.

I must have passed out because the next thing I knew I was waking up in bed. It must have been the next day, and Liz was pitter-patting around the house doing a whole lot of nothing. When I asked her about Amy, she said Amy was gone.

I can tell Liz is keeping some secret from me, and I don't bother asking her questions anymore, either about Amy or the other thing. Now she stays away at nights for long periods, and when she comes back she won't tell me where she's gone or who she's been with or what she's done. She spends a lot of time in Amy's room and sometimes I think I can hear sucking sounds coming from within, and I wonder what they've really done with Amy's body.

I can't trust her to tell me the truth anymore. Ogwah died, she said, the same day Amy went away. I looked down and saw a welt on her forearm when she told me that, and I dread to ask her what it means.

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PROFILE

Belial vehemently disagrees with anyone who reminds him of Rex Reed's unfavorable remarks about the original *Basket Case.*

Gabe Bartalos: FREAKMAKER

By TIM FERRANTE

> *"Klaus Kinski really enjoyed the blood I applied on him, so much so that he asked us not to clean it off him."*

This reporter first encountered sculptor and makeup FX artist Gabe Bartalos some six years ago at the riotous beginnings of the now annual FANGORIA conventions. It was in Manhattan's Hotel Roosevelt, and Bartalos was then mixed in the swirl of the on-again/off-again production schedule of *Twisted Souls* (finally completed and released as *Spookies*). The likable chap was a mere 18 years old, full of creative energy and awaiting his opportunity to really rock 'n' roll with his craft. Wildly talented and comically astute, Bartalos has since had little time to do anything but. His dynamic work on *Frankenhooker* and *Basket Case 2* should make him one of the most sought after talents in the business.

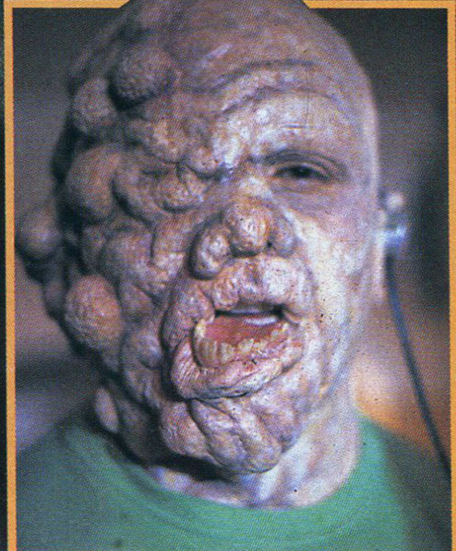
Hailing from a pair of what he describes as "parental units who brought us up in a lovely way," his childhood was surrounded in art. His brother Michael, an accomplished commercial artist and designer, gave him easy access to paints, ink and clay. Bartalos continually dabbled with dear brother's tools. "I've always loved fantasy films," the FX wizard states. "When I was young, I used to create my own comic books, paint foolish stuff and sculpt really weird little things. The genre magazines were very pivotal in showing me where to channel this energy. It became clear that *all* this could be put on film.

"A big turning point for me was at a convention," he goes on. "I was invited out to the set of *The Deadly Spawn* and met effects artist Arnold Gargiulo. It so happened we lived only 10 minutes from each other. Arnold was the one who introduced me to *real* materials, like acrylics and resins. He gave me my first jobs, at first for free and then salaried. I think very highly of him. What a treat it was for me when he worked on *Frankenhooker* for two months! It gave him an opportunity to see the things I've learned on the West Coast, where materials and techniques change overnight."

With Gargiulo's guidance, Bartalos slowly amassed an impressive photo book of his creations, an integral selling instrument for FX artists. At the time, it consisted of little more than his privately created work and very few film-related entries. However, it was enough of a presentation to land him a job transforming an actor into Benjamin Franklin for Britain's BBC Television. "It was a case of the buddy system," Bartalos notes. "You hear of jobs opening through friends and connections. It was very lucky for me to learn things like set etiquette, where to be at the proper moment and where not to be. You can't learn these things unless you actually *do* them. I was only 17, and to gain that kind of experience at a young age was valuable."

On the uncompleted *Killer Dead*, Bartalos was in charge of several FX artists and all the trappings that go with such an assignment. "A real learning experience, if only for the sheer volume of effects we turned out and handling so many artists on set," he assesses. "There were days where we had to have 30 actors in makeup and crews of seven people just doing cosmetics alone. We were sculpting, painting, building molds and running foam on set." And while some of you budding FX legends may shudder at the mention of foam, Bartalos learned simply by reading the manual! "Foam rubber is probably the one thing that's actually easy enough to pick up from reading," he shrugs. "Everything else, like sculpture or illustration, is what *you* make of it. It's the hours you sit alone late at night with the clay or paint to become a better artist. Foam, to me, is one of the things where you can go to a book and follow directions. There are quirks you discover through working with different artists, who may have an easier way of doing it. But sometimes, things in this business are as simple as reading."

Of course you recognize David (*Dawn of the Dead*) Emge as Moonie.



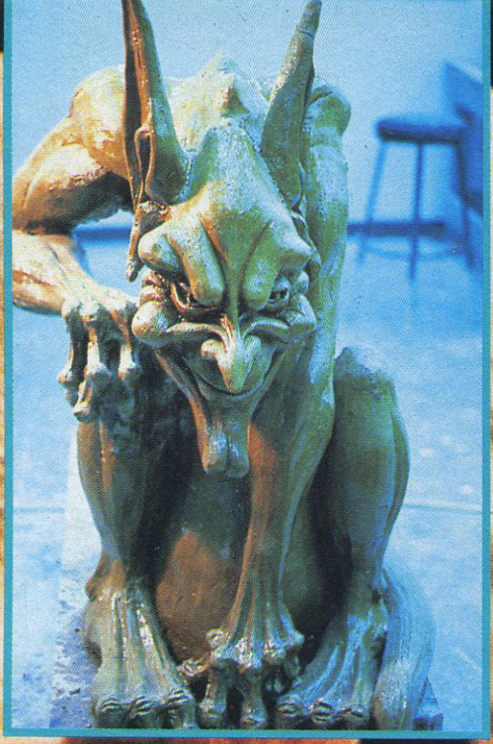
Ron Fazio, the *Toxic Avenger* himself, once again gets lost under foam. This time his *right* eye is covered.

Photo: Courtesy Gabe Bartalos

A move to California was next in the cards. "I sent letters of introduction and work samples to the production companies I wanted to work with," Bartalos details. "It was basically a show-off package with photos that I felt represented my best work. I went out and interviewed with John Buechler, who was just about to kick off *Dolls*. I was hired on and literally had a job before an apartment," Bartalos laughs. Good thing he didn't get too comfortable; next stop, Italy!

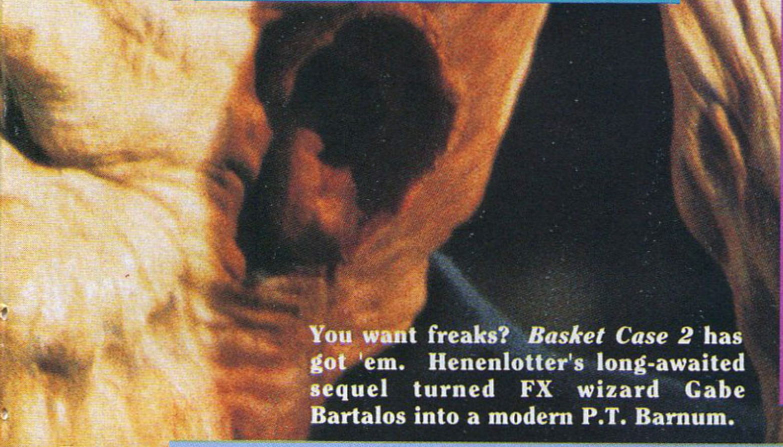
"I was in Italy for three months as effects supervisor on *Dolls*. We did some terrific transformations and attacks," Bartalos reminisces. "Buechler had

Basket & Frankenhooker Photos: Copyright 1990 SGE



No home should be without a Bartalos gargoyle sculpture.

Photo: Courtesy Gabe Bartalos



You want freaks? *Basket Case 2* has got 'em. Henenlotter's long-awaited sequel turned FX wizard Gabe Bartalos into a modern P.T. Barnum.

Bartalos poses with his special "Terminator" version of Belial.

designed and sculpted a lot of the stuff in Hollywood, but more was added overseas. He was happy to have us create and run with our own ideas. John Vulich, a really talented artist, and I did some effective bits where the dolls crack open and these weird creatures burst out from inside. They'd cackle and quiver, with goo and smoke coming out of them.

"At the same time, on another stage, they were shooting *Crawlspace* with Klaus Kinski. Vulich was supervisor on that, and during the slow times on each other's films, we would loan crews. Kinski was just great," Bartalos raves. "He took to us immediately. We did some burn blisters on his hands. In another scene, he fakes his own death; he really enjoyed the blood I applied on him, so much that he asked us not to clean it off him. While we were clearing out of his dressing room, he sat in front of a mirror and admired himself with blood trickling out. But he was a true gentleman and liked the idea of being part of a 'special effect.' He was real patient."

After a stint on *From Beyond*, Bartalos accepted an offer to work on *Friday the 13th, Part VI: Jason Lives*. "I'm a big fan of the *Friday* movies, and it was great to start working with Reel EFX. I designed the hockey mask for Jason on *Friday VI*." He worked with the same FX team on *The Outing* (see Fango #67), bringing to life the film's genie monster.

The burgeoning master moved on to crew and lab work for *Texas Chainsaw Massacre 2* under Tom Savini's watchful eye, and then westward for two months of preproduction on *The Toolbox Murders, Part II*. "Insane," Bartalos cries. "We did eight weeks of work and the film folds. I had this storage room full of effects for a movie that never filmed. They were so full of steam and cranked up to do this. I felt very bad for the producers on that.

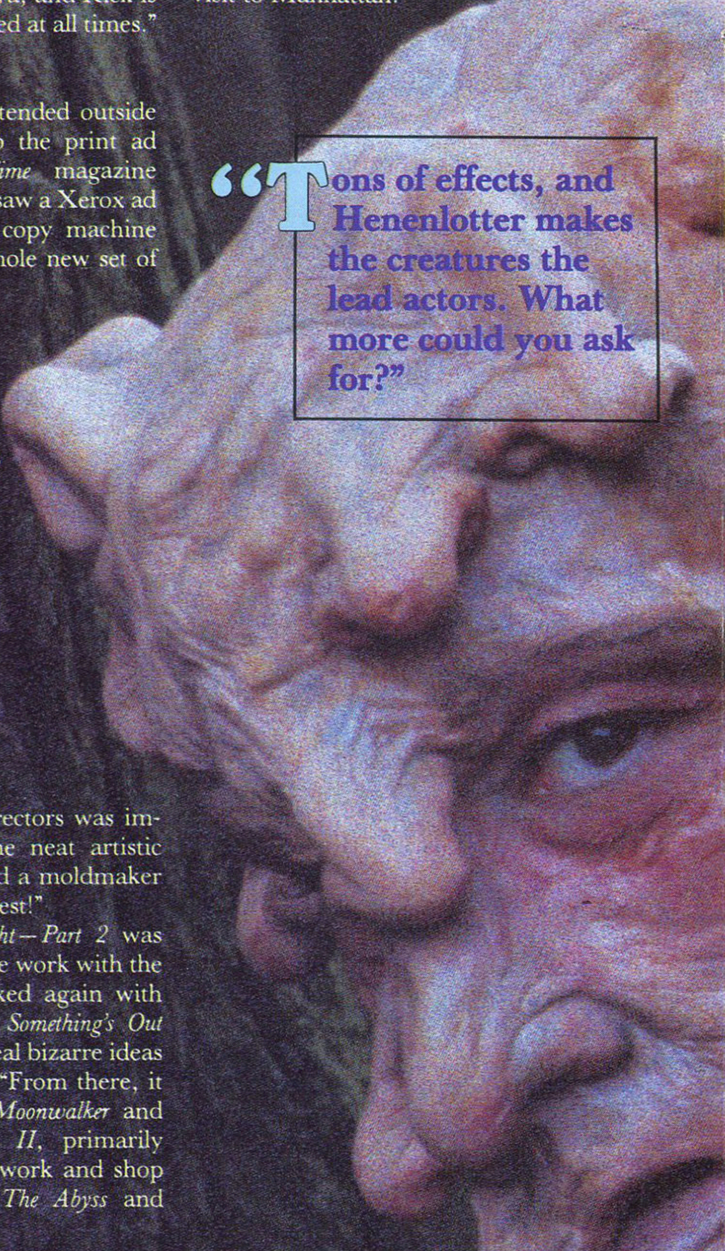
"*Brain Damage* [see Fango #69 & 72] was being prepared, and I got a call from Edgar Ievins to come back to New York," he continues. "Working on Frank's films are really little showcases for me—tons of effects, and he makes the creatures the lead actors. As an effects artist, what more could you ask for? There are character makeups and violent gags as well on his films."

A plum opportunity appeared on the horizon for Bartalos upon his return from New York. He received a call from premier monkeymaker Rick Baker. "*Gorillas in the Mist* was in preproduction, and all I can say is it was a dream come true. I can't say enough good things about Rick. He's an amazing artist, far more than the public will *ever* know. He loves his work and will blow the socks off of *any* competitor," Bartalos asserts. "There were days and days of hair work. We had multiple gorilla suits and backup suits. He went off to Kenya, and Rick is very 'set safe,' fully prepared at all times."

Bartalos' craft has extended outside the film world into the print ad arena. If you're a *Time* magazine subscriber, you probably saw a Xerox ad with a savage, gnarling copy machine behind bars. "It was a whole new set of rules to play by," he observes. "I was given open range, but measurements and working with art directors was important. I hogged all the neat artistic stuff for myself, and hired a moldmaker and a carpenter for the rest!"

A stint on *Fright Night—Part 2* was next up, followed by more work with the esteemed Baker. "I worked again with Rick on the TV movie *Something's Out There*, and he had some real bizarre ideas for that," Bartalos grins. "From there, it was Michael Jackson's *Moonwalker* and six months of *Gremlins II*, primarily various stages of design work and shop stuff." Assignments on *The Abyss* and Sam Raimi's forthcoming *Darkman* arrived. Bartalos came full circle once again and designed Jason's mask for last summer's 20-minute visit to Manhattan.

> **"Tons of effects, and Henenlotter makes the creatures the lead actors. What more could you ask for?"**



Elmo hides from the makeup FX crew, eager to avoid his daily three-hour appliance session.

Bartalos collaborated with Dave Kindlon for *Brain Damage's* awesome Elmer.

Photo: Courtesy Gabe Bartalos

Ievins and Henenlotter hailed him once more for a double-header with *Frankenhooker* and the long-threatened sequel *Basket Case 2*. Shot back to back in and around New York City, the huge FX-laden projects delighted Bartalos. "Part of the attraction of working on *Frankenhooker* was the wonderful cast—a bunch of naked ladies who had to be blown up!" Bartalos laughs. "Frank specifically asked for a monstrous woman, put together from body parts yet still beautiful. What a challenge! She is pieced together from parts of exploded prostitutes.

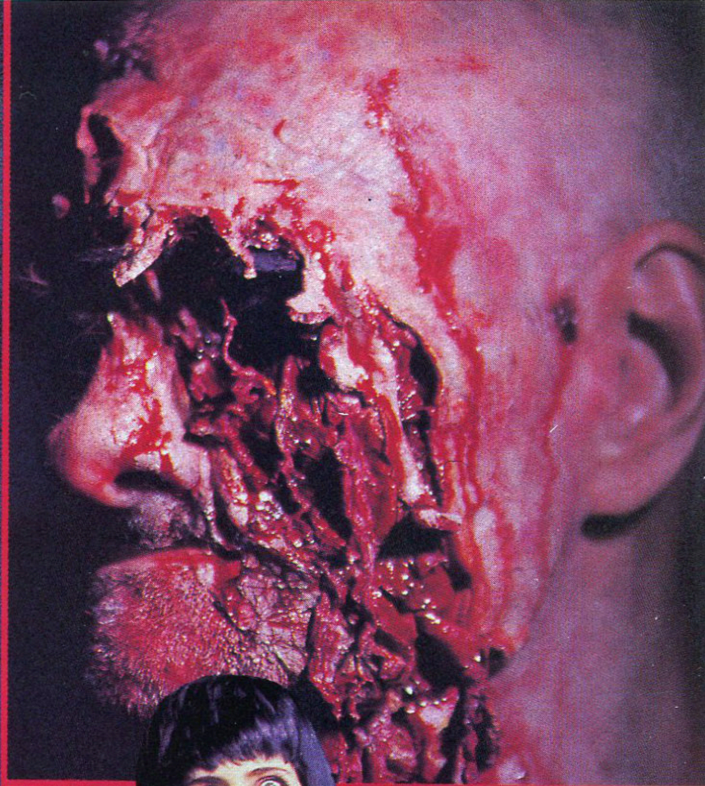
"We did nine very ambitious full-body casts of girls in dynamic positions: running for a door, clutching their guts, two in bed screaming and holding onto one another," he divulges. "It was a novelty, having to cast them in these odd positions and then recreating them in urethane so we could blow them to bits. All of the explosions are dealt with in a lighthearted manner because we wanted them to stay in the picture and not get cut. Instead of the expected blood and gore, it's sparks, fireworks and streamers.

"There is one hilarious sequence where the main hooker explodes," he chortles. "The character's name is Honey, and we wanted a very specific shot of her severed head hitting the pimp in his head. It's a severed spinning head. We took a different cast of the young lady with a screaming expression and her eyes bugging out. Then we put it on a pole-slide rig. It's the pimp's point of view and this hooker's head comes hurling and spinning right into his! The effect is set so that the head masks the fact that in reality it's sliding on a pole. It comes across very funny."

Former *Penthouse* pet Patty Mullen portrays the sultry title character. With primo looks as his base, Bartalos made a head cast of Mullen and "trialed and errored" his way to the final Frankenhooker design. "I worked on her lips to streamline them a bit, around her eyes and other subtleties that all add up to the finished look," he recounts. "For stitch placement, we had blowups made and performed a variety of layouts for Frank."

"One of her forearms is taken from a black woman," he continues. "There is a big wraparound prosthetic on her arm that was blended at the bicep and hand. Her makeup took about three hours."

One grisly moment in *Frankenhooker* is the random fusing together of dozens of unused spare parts to create the ultimate floozy. "They form into these comiclike female monster creatures that come scampering out of a freezer," Bartalos grins. "They're mechanized by Ken Walker and use some remote control. They were filmed on a 4-foot elevated set, allowing us to be underneath for hand, cable and rod puppeting of the creatures."



Popeye's cousin No-eye joins the freakshow fun.

Try though she might, *Frankenhooker's* Patty Mullen just can't out-ugly Bartalos' creations.

Preproduction had already begun on *Basket Case 2*. "We created 24 freaks in all, including the recreation of Belial," Bartalos beams. "We made seven different Belials, to suggest only one Belial who does a *lot* of stuff. The freaks were conceptualized in a way so as to not be repulsive and be more of an attraction. We have Toothy, Brainiac and Lorenzo, to name a few.

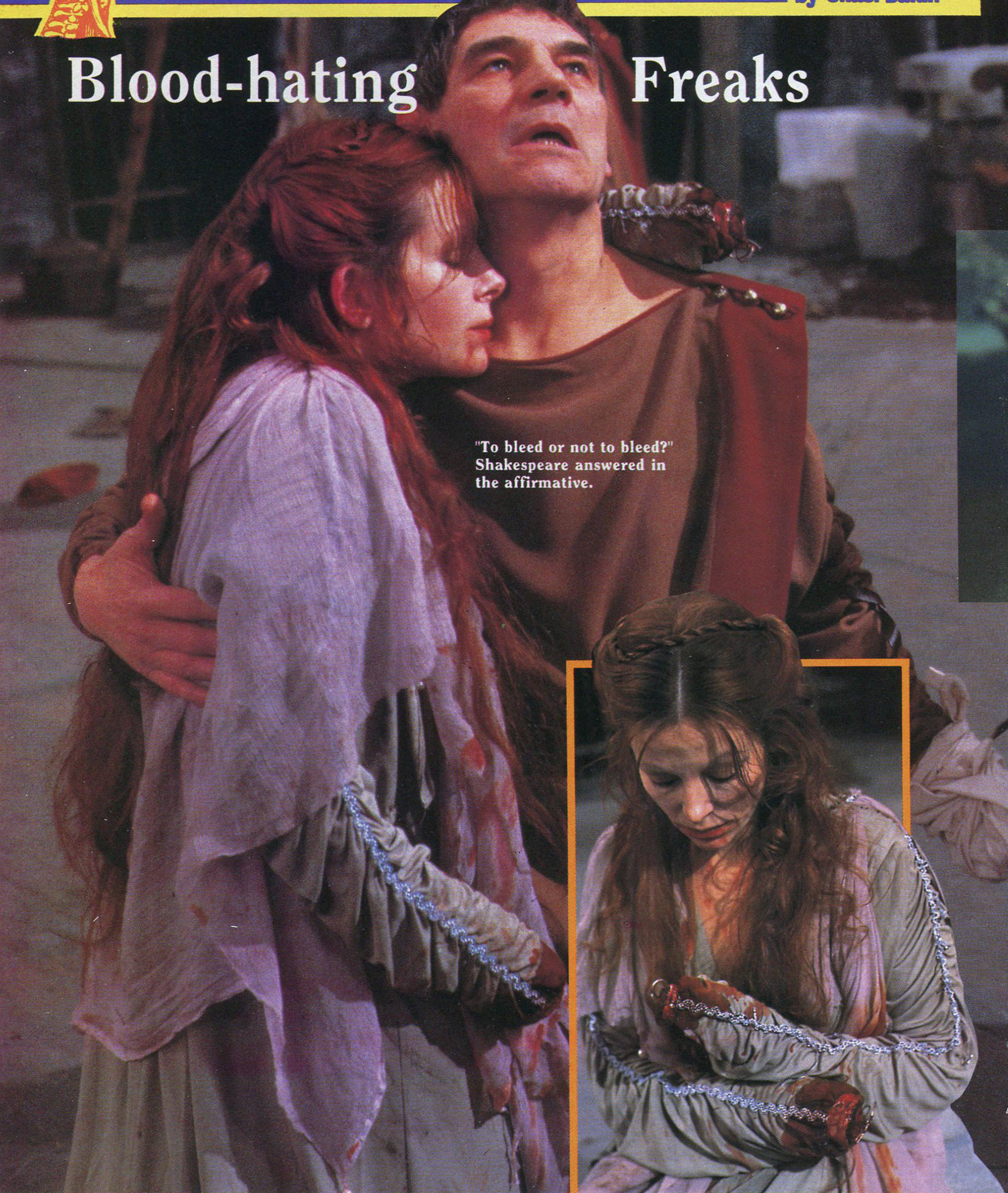
"There's an illustrator I really idolize,"

(continued on page 62)

PIECE O' MIND

by Chas. Balun

Blood-hating Freaks



"To bleed or not to bleed?" Shakespeare answered in the affirmative.

Titus Photos: Copyright 1985 BBC

Much like an irritating, recurring mystery rash, the current trend of horror-bashing in the media threatens to continue unabated. Despite the salves of reason liberally applied by concerned genre writers, filmmakers and fans alike, the inflammation persists. And the more you scratch it, the worse it gets.

The MPAA kept *Shocker*'s blood flow to a trickle.

Photo: Peter Iovino/Copyright 1989 Universal City Studios

It has become impossible to ignore the alarmist, paranoid bleatings of the various misguided coalitions recently formed to protest the "escalating" scale of violence in both film and television. Legions of smug, self-righteous parents, church groups, crybaby psychologists and spineless "educators" are all in conspiracy against our inalienable right to be scared shitless, and like that pesky rash, just ignoring it won't make it go away. These pencil-necked prissy pedants remind one of the caustic observations recorded by a none-too-amused Alexander Pope, who in 1727 likened their ilk to "narrow-necked bottles: The less they have in them, the more noise they make pouring it out."

The pickets came out for *Nightmare 5*—not for the picture's mediocre quality, but for its *existence*! (By the way, this is one of David Miller's FX heads for the Freddy backburster.)

Photo: Courtesy David Miller

Well-meaning societal watchdogs have been with us long before Pope's time, but now the trouble is that more and more people are actually listening to them and doing something about what they've heard. Horrified members of some frightful bogosity known as the National Coalition on Television Violence have mounted an aggressive campaign designed to kick the guts out of horror films and strong-arm TV sponsors out of supporting such small-screen spin-offs as the *Friday the 13th: The Series* and *Freddy's Nightmares* syndicated series. (Your reporter, too, wouldn't mind seeing either show bite horse flanks, but my reasons are far more prosaic: They both suck.) Before you scoff, shrug it off and insert your *Make Them Die Slowly* cassette into your VCR, just remember that this group is responsible for orchestrating successful national boycotts, picketing local theaters showing *Nightmare on Elm Street 5: The Dream Child* and pressuring several high-profile, megabuck sponsors to withdraw advertising from both the *Friday* and the *Nightmare* TV shows.

The NCTV is getting plenty of helpful press, too. Their shameless porcine craving for media grandstanding has made them the "darlings" of the current crop of flaccid horror-bashers constantly quoting the NCTV's hysterical hyperboles.

Violence in the arts is as old as the prehistoric cave paintings commonly dated back to 15,000 B.C.

In the September 3, 1989 issue of the *New Hampshire Star* (emblazoned with the headline "Slasher Films Under Siege"), Dr. Robert Gould, a New York psychiatrist and valued storm trooper for NCTV's Thought Police, whines repeatedly that "the whole idea of horror films is really against morals, against values, against decency..."

What a sorry schmuck. Hate to have this guy on the jury when such "pornographers" as Homer, Shakespeare and Milton were weaving perversely dark morality tales of matricide, cannibalism, incest and psychopathology in such works as *The Odyssey*, *The Illiad*, *Paradise Lost* and *Titus Andronicus*. The latter play is so vile, so taboo-trashing and so violent that Shakespearean scholars have toiled in vain for decades trying to prove that the Bard didn't write it.

Titus Andronicus (1594) was, by all apparent signs, the *Bloodsucking Freaks* of its time. The plot highlights read like a greatest hits list from an Umberto Lenzi cannibal chunk-blower: tongues and hands severed, victims brutally raped, kids butchered and fed to their mothers, and one victim buried up to his neck in a roiling anthill.

In fact, some of the plays of this time feature a latent, twisted Elizabethan sensibility that celebrated *I Spit on Your Grave*-style revenge scenarios with live, on-stage splatter FX similar to those employed three centuries later in the Parisian Theater of Fear and Terror. In a very popular Grand Guignol-like melodrama titled *Spanish Tragedy* (1585), the actors wore bladders full of sheep's blood to enhance the mayhem, and real weapons were employed by the combatants. Occasionally during these hyperviolent, crowd-pleasing

Dismemberment, cannibalism, decapitation, mass murder...all came from the pen of William (*Titus Andronicus*) Shakespeare.

Photo: Copyright 1989 New Line

The ratings battle over *Leatherface: The Texas Chainsaw Massacre 3* got real ugly and postponed the film's release to early this year.

Art imitating life? Has the horror backlash gone this far? Not yet, but this scene from *Friday the 13th: The Series*' "Hate on Your Dial" *could* happen if the anti-horror movement grows.

Photo: Copyright Paramount

barn burners, an actor or sometimes even a member of the audience would be injured or killed.

It's a pity that the shortsighted, cretinous poseurs masquerading as public watchdogs in groups like the NCTV can't see much beyond their own priggish snouts. Violence in the arts is as old as the prehistoric cave paintings found in southern France and northern Spain that have been commonly dated back to 15,000 B.C. Mankind's most enduring myths are rife with horror, untimely deaths, sexual weirdness, monsters, murders and assorted other threats to both life and limb. Nothing new here. But is anybody paying attention? It sometimes seems as though our braying crusaders think moral conflict was invented when Elvis first attempted to shake his ass on the *Ed Sullivan Show*.

Many scholars without axes to grind have begun to view the contemporary horror film as a modern extension of man's ancient system of myths and fables. In the excellent and compelling *Dreadful Pleasures: An Anatomy of Modern Horror*, author James R. Twitchell argues convincingly that horror films are "fantastic, ludicrous, crude and important distortions of real-life situations, not in the service of repression, but of instruction." Twitchell tolerantly views even the most gore-drenched splatter opus as a cautionary tale, a modern fable that warns the unsuspecting of the anxieties and mysteries of life, sex and death.

Director Stuart (*Re-Animator*) Gordon concurs and offers *Dolls* as his version of a contemporary "horrific fairy tale." Gordon cites *The Uses of Enchantment* by Bruno Bettelheim as a prime mover in developing *Dolls*. He was impressed with the author's pointed commentary in "dealing with people who thought fairy tales were *too* scary, *too* violent...and *too* frightening for children." Gordon agrees wholeheartedly with the author's conclusions. "His point was," Gordon explains, "that *yes*, they're scary; they're *supposed* to be. Fairy tales are a way of teaching kids that *yes*, the world is a scary place, but if you're brave and don't give up, you can succeed."

Even severely myopic types like the NCTV have to come to terms with the fables they were raised by—vicious, malevolent tales of wayward children being preyed upon by cannibalistic witches, ugly trolls, grandma-scarfing wolves and assorted other beasties who would like nothing better than to accumulate a quick and high-digit kiddie body count.

"The oldest and strongest emotion of mankind is fear," said H.P. Lovecraft, "and the oldest kind of fear is fear of the unknown." In many ways, horror films safely allow their audiences a chance to deal with their own personal horrors and offer an avenue in which these anxious feelings may be first dealt with and then purged from the consciousness.

Dr. Gould misses this point entirely. He stubbornly views all horror films as "...against people learning how to be sociable and how to do good things for other people. It's really alien to what is humane and pleasant in this world." Gag me.

Regardless of the cockeyed logic Gould and his comrades employ, a very essential point must *not* be lost in the heat of battle. Far more frightening than the most gut-busting, taboo-thrashing splatter movie is the prospect that hysterical hard-liners like Dr. Gould, Morton Downey Jr. or Paige Mellish of Women Against Pornography could be telling us what to see! Now *that* really stiffens the hair on the back of my neck.

Because of the hypervigilance of these "right-thinking" individuals, such inflammatory, inciteful works as *Alice in Wonderland*, *Of Mice and Men*, *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* (!) have been banned from bookshelves in the past. Even *Huckleberry Finn*, not exactly a Marxist manifesto by any stretch, has been villified as "trash, suitable only for the slums." Hey, if playing hooky and goin' fishin' can incur *that* degree of wrath, one would shudder to think of what might be done about buzzsaw eviscerations, screwdriver lobotomies, shotgun enemas or rotor-blade decapitations. Having one Killjoy Klan like the MPAA already is quite enough, thank you, for this lifetime.

The horror film remains one tough, resilient customer. It's been around as long as film itself. It shall prevail. And long, long after the wriggling invertebrates have disposed of all of Dr. Robert Gould's soft parts, there will still be a theater or a VCR running *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, *The Evil Dead* or *Bloodsuckers from Outer Space*. Tough shit, too, Gould. Lame cat know-it-alls like yourself have never really gotten the joke nor understood the sublime irony mirrored in the words of Edgar Allan Poe: "Ah, but the play is the tragedy Man/and its hero, the Conqueror Worm."

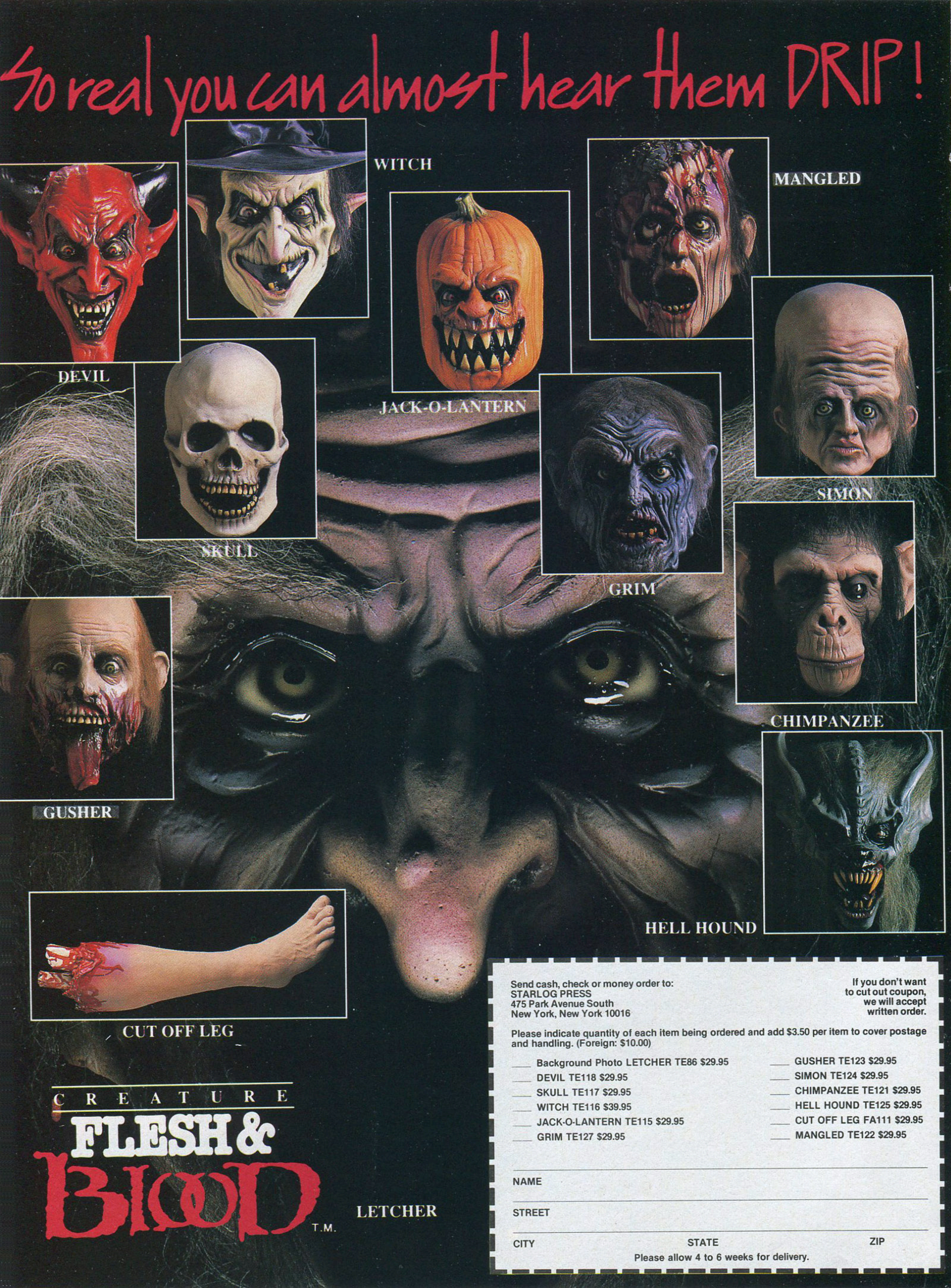
Rest in pieces.

Photo: Peter Sorel/Copyright 1988 UA

Child's Play came under fire from the anti-horror brigade, whose pressure on the television networks led to the pulling of the movie's commercials.

> **Far more frightening is that hysterical hardliners could be telling us what to see!**

Horror movies are just modern fairy tales, and Stuart Gordon's *Dolls* is the perfect example.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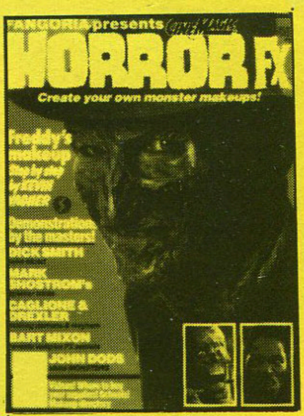
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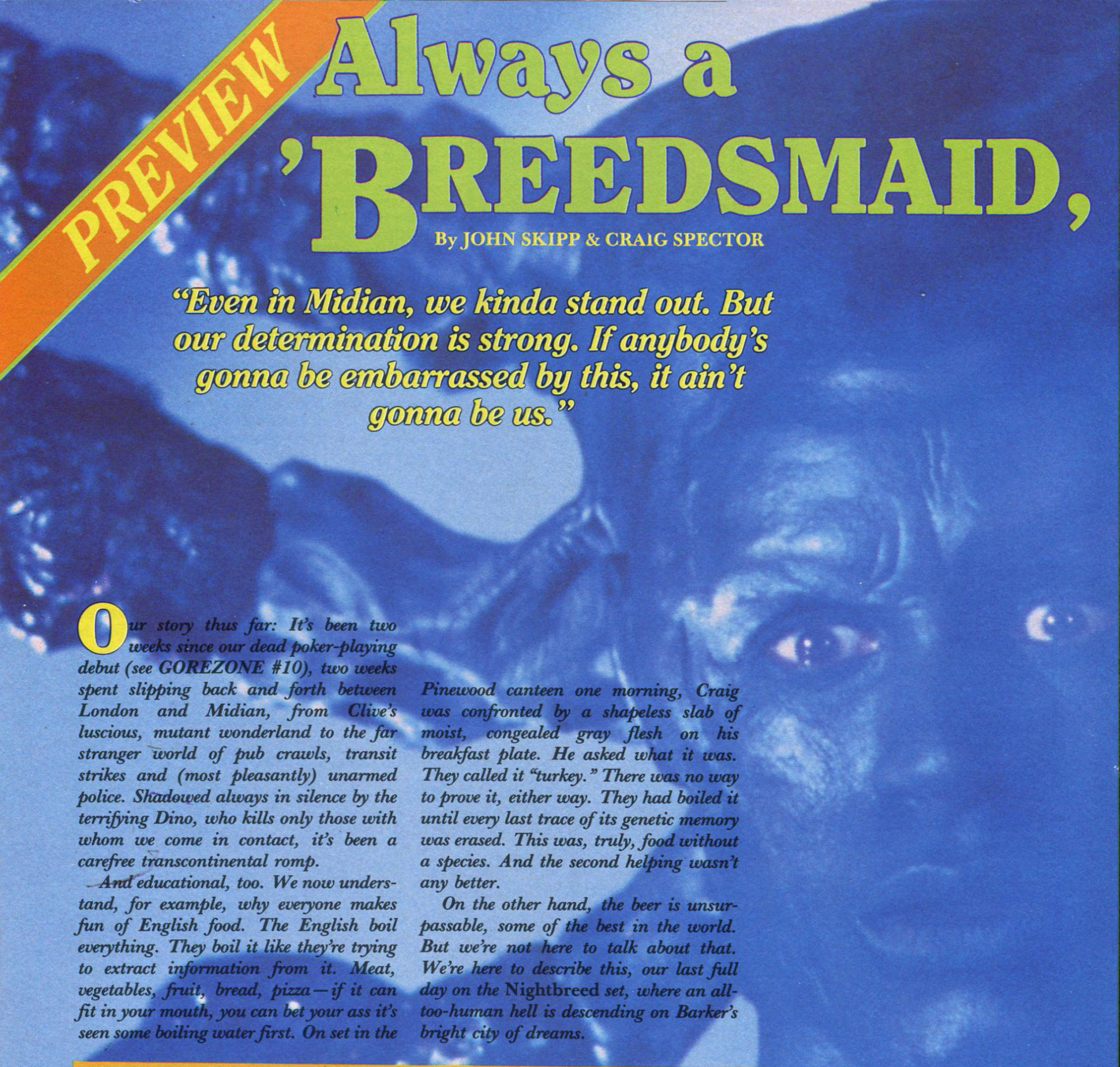
PREVIEW

Always a 'BREEDSMAID,

By JOHN SKIPP & CRAIG SPECTOR

"Even in Midian, we kinda stand out. But our determination is strong. If anybody's gonna be embarrassed by this, it ain't gonna be us."



Our story thus far: It's been two weeks since our dead poker-playing debut (see GOREZONE #10), two weeks spent slipping back and forth between London and Midian, from Clive's luscious, mutant wonderland to the far stranger world of pub crawls, transit strikes and (most pleasantly) unarmed police. Shadowed always in silence by the terrifying Dino, who kills only those with whom we come in contact, it's been a carefree transcontinental romp.

And educational, too. We now understand, for example, why everyone makes fun of English food. The English boil everything. They boil it like they're trying to extract information from it. Meat, vegetables, fruit, bread, pizza—if it can fit in your mouth, you can bet your ass it's seen some boiling water first. On set in the Pinewood canteen one morning, Craig was confronted by a shapeless slab of moist, congealed gray flesh on his breakfast plate. He asked what it was. They called it "turkey." There was no way to prove it, either way. They had boiled it until every last trace of its genetic memory was erased. This was, truly, food without a species. And the second helping wasn't any better.

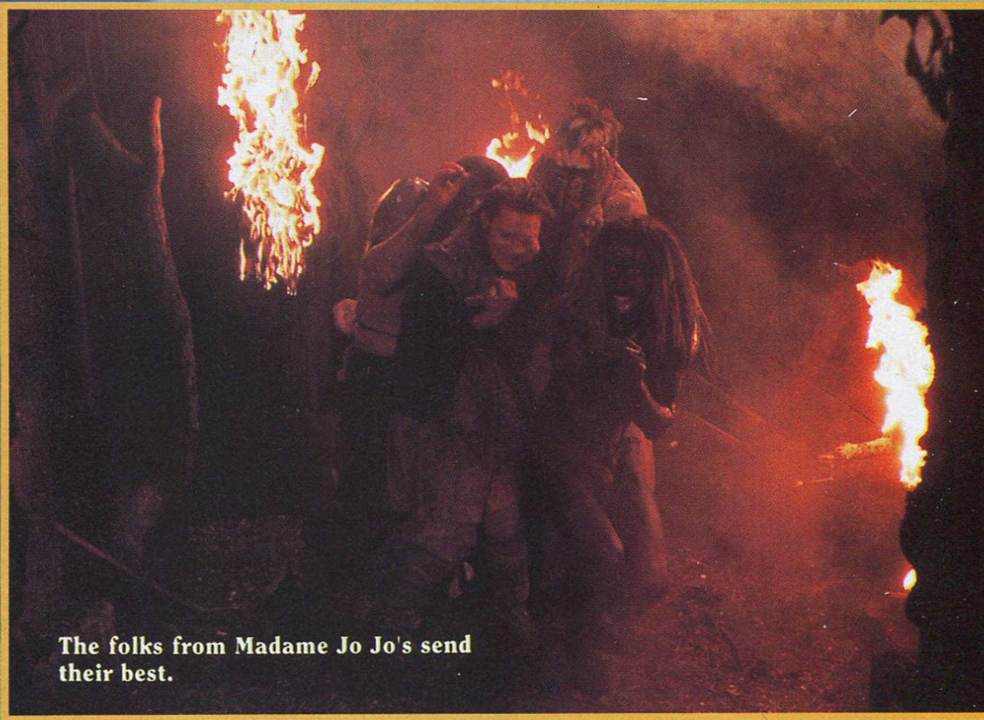
On the other hand, the beer is unsurpassable, some of the best in the world. But we're not here to talk about that. We're here to describe this, our last full day on the Nightbreed *set, where an all-too-human hell is descending on Barker's bright city of dreams.*

Nice work if you can get it, huh?

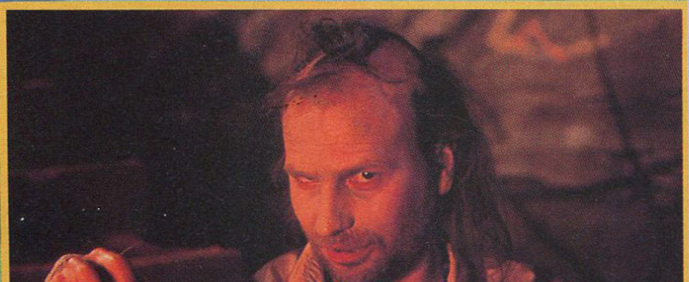
Part Two

NEVER A 'BREED

All Photos: Murray Close/Copyright 1990 20th Century Fox



The folks from Madame Jo Jo's send their best.



Skipp got shot up real good, but partner Spector had the additional honor of killing *and* dying.

We hop a cab from Craig Sheffer's Glebe Place digs at 7:30 a.m., still woozy from the night before. The night before had seen Nick (Chatterer) Vince and Barbie (Lady Cenobite) Wilde gleefully dragging us to witness gravel-voiced drag queen Ruby Venezuela at her spectacular *Ruby Fecund St. Revue*(!) at an all-boy bar called Madame Jo Jo's on Brewer Street in Soho, where the men are men and the girls are, too. This was an invaluable life experience and entirely too much fun, and we're still laughing as we land in front of Corina's flat.

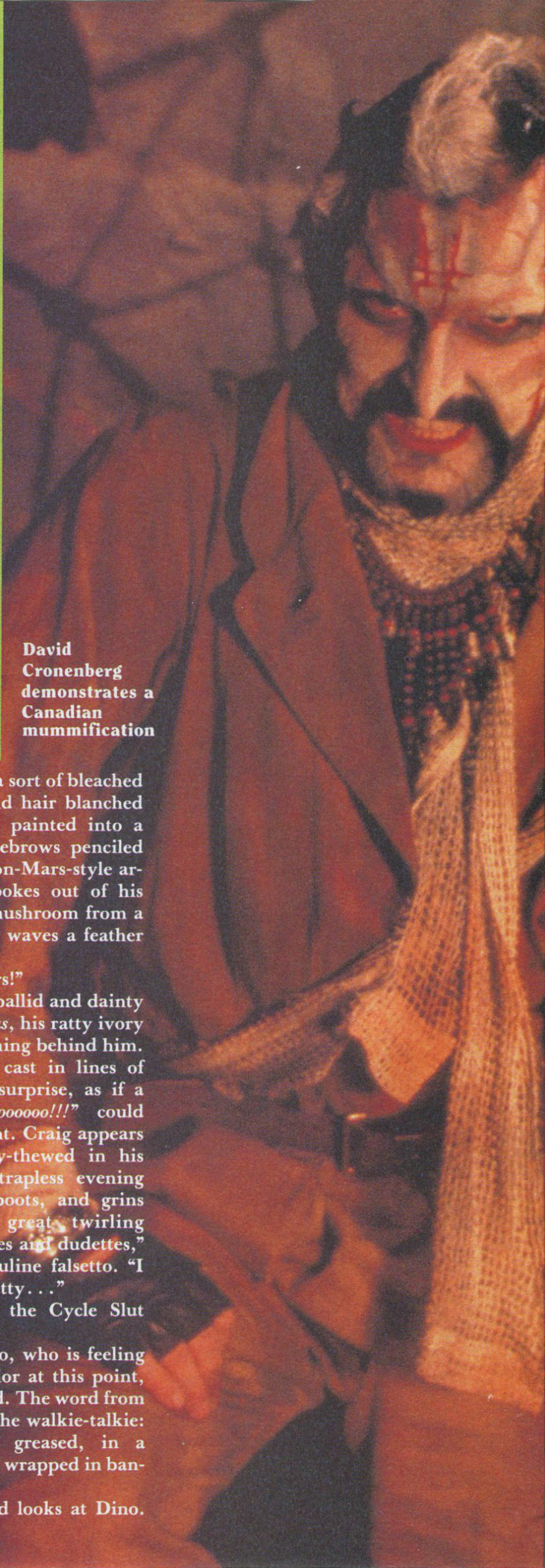
The lovely Corina, who remains Clive's assistant despite our best efforts to drive her mad, motors us out to Pinewood under terrible duress. We have finally taught her how to say "beer" like an American, which is kinda like teaching a swan to do duck calls, but hey, excitement is our middle name.

We are met at the gate by Peter Atkins, *Hellbound*'s screenwriter and the second unit director on *Nightbreed*. He is also quite possibly the funniest man in the Western hemisphere, but he's not laughing just now. "Clive wants to know if we'll shave off our beards," he says. "We'll be playing 'Breed today."

Neither Peter nor Craig are keen on this shaving idea—they've worked very hard on their hirsute profiles—but the thicket on Skipp's chin means nothing to him, so long as there's blood in the air. "All I want is to kill something horribly," Skipp vows. "Or be horribly killed. Either way."

The three of us agree on solidarity, the political power of a unified front,

David Cronenberg demonstrates a Canadian mummification



then converge on Clive to deliver our ultimatum: *Can we please keep our beards, huh, Mr. Barker, PLEEEEZ?* He considers this wheedling with an eerie, almost godlike calm, then nods his head.

And Madame Jo Jo's becomes suddenly prophetic, as Clive packs us off to wardrobe to become, well, a *new* kind of 'Breed. . .

"I'm not satisfied with this at the moment," Clive frets. He has dropped by the dressing room where Peter is having his face busily painted by makeup honcho Bob Keen.

"It's the problem with the shortages in the Fat Bastard's Dress Department," Peter says. "The Tall Fat *Awkward* Bastard's Dress Department."

Though Bob Keen suggests a nice gray shawl for Peter, Clive is still not satisfied. "What we also need is just *tons* of jewelry on these guys," Clive decides. "Every bit of jewelry we can get our hands on. I want them to look like 18th-century whores, only dressed in a sort of Indian tradition. You know, just *dripping* with the stuff."

"This level of detail," Peter inserts, "it's what makes the novels *so good*, isn't it?" Clive laughs and Bob daubs away.

The final result is a sort of bleached kabuki look: face and hair blanched egg-white, ruby lips painted into a pursed red pout, eyebrows penciled into Joan-Crawford-on-Mars-style arches. Peter's head pokes out of his burlap tunic like a mushroom from a peat moss sack as he waves a feather boa at the door.

"Well, hello, Sisters!"

Skipp sashays in, pallid and dainty and, well, just *precious*, his ratty ivory Victorian gown swishing behind him. His painted face is cast in lines of perpetual puckered surprise, as if a Betty Boop-ish "*Ooooooo!!!*" could escape at any moment. Craig appears behind him, mighty-thewed in his shimmering black strapless evening gown and combat boots, and grins from behind his great twirling mustachio. "Yo, dudes and dudettes," he chirrups in masculine falsetto. "I feel pretty, oh so pretty. . ."

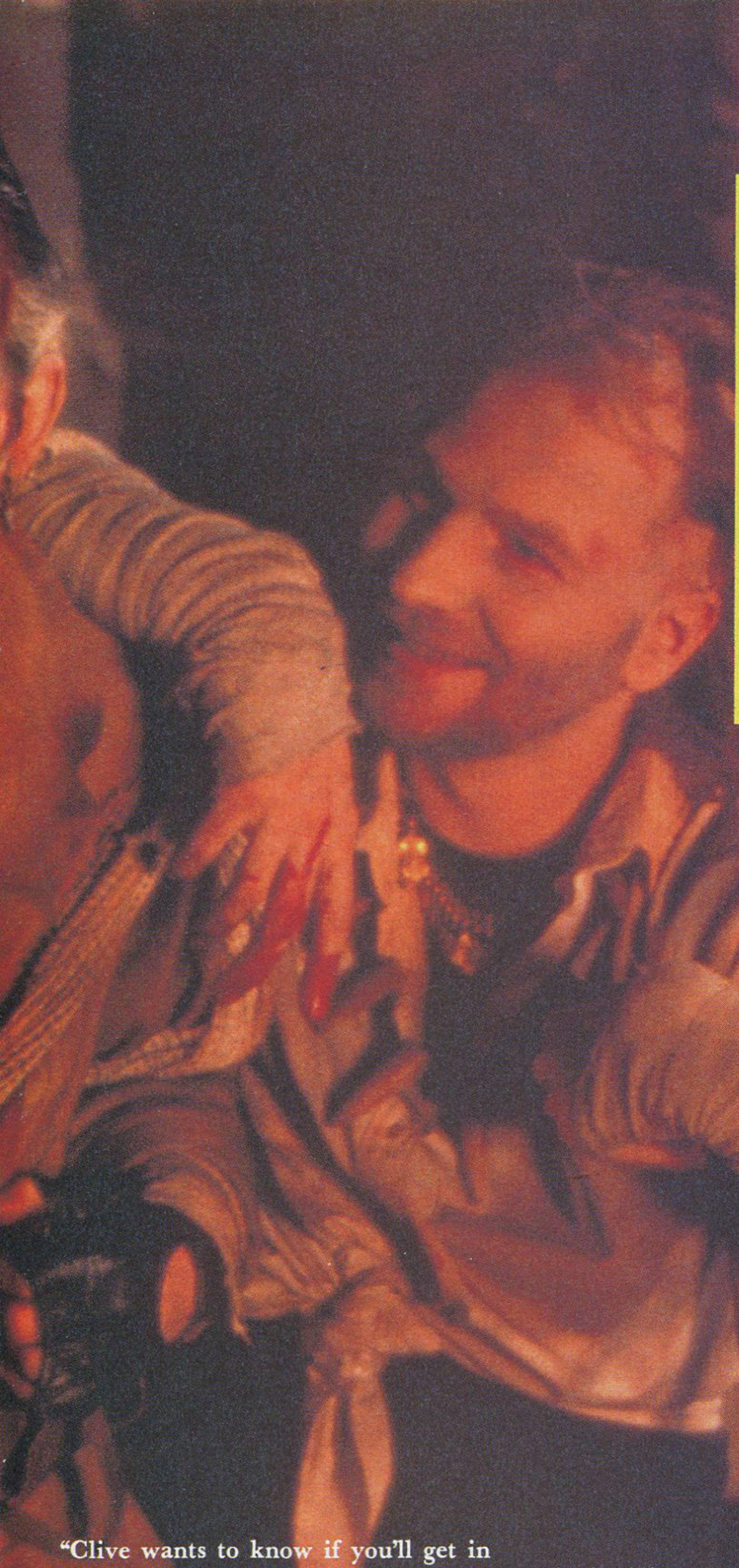
In that moment, the Cycle Slut Sisters are born.

Even the evil Dino, who is feeling just a wee bit superior at this point, does not go unscathed. The word from H stage comes over the walkie-talkie: "Clive wants Dino greased, in a diaper, with his head wrapped in bandages."

The grip nods and looks at Dino.

"No more!" they scream, barreling madly through the woods. "No more horrible English food!"

As we've told you countless times before, Skipp & Spector are the best-selling authors of The Scream *and editors of* Book of the Dead. *Despite being killed twice by Clive Barker, they are currently at work on their fifth novel.*



The word comes over the walkie-talkie: "Clive wants Dino greased, in a diaper, with his head wrapped in bandages."

"Clive wants to know if you'll get in costume?" Dino nods unwittingly, and they hustle him off to wardrobe.

The next time we see Dino, he is swaddled and slathered, little tufts of Dino-hair sticking out from the bandages like the ears of a giant shaved Panda. He casts one baleful look at us and scuttles off, the better to hide in the darkest corner of Midian.

And so we remain, for the next four hours, while we await our turn. Four hours in drag is a lot like forever. Even in Midian, we kinda stand out. But our determination is strong. If anybody's gonna be embarrassed by this, it ain't gonna be us. The boys at Madame Jo Jo's taught us well; we use our newfound power and boundless down-time to charm the unwitting denizens of Pinewood, with memorable results. The sudden presence of the Sisters in the *Nightbreed* production offices temporarily derails business-as-usual, caused a jaw-dropping slippage in producer Chris Figg's normally unflappable British reserve, and prompts supervising producer Gabriella Martinelli to utter an uncharacteristically splendid expletive. And our pitstop by the Cantina caused the grips from the cheesy sci-fi flick next door to wrestle with one of life's big decisions: whether to laugh, buy us a pint or kick the living shit out of us.

We decide that this power must be used only for good, and a simple walk-on will never do. So, with the help of stunt coordinator Andy Armstrong, we vamp out a scene.

Perry the stuntman hustles off to wardrobe, destined to join us in

The sight of a mind-boggling Clive Barker set blowing to smithereens was enough to draw them out of the woodwork, literally.

Sisterhood. Skipp is wired with squibs across his back and torso, and Spector is given a foam prop sledgehammer. One of us will kill, one will be killed. Ah, symmetry!

Unit Two sets up to capture the moment. We're supposed to flee the murderous redneck lynch mob who have descended to blow Midian's collective brains out. We rehearse a few times, practicing sledgehammer trajectory and optimum squib/smear impact, not to mention running down stairs in dresses. Then a hush falls over Midian. The cameras roll. Clive gives the word—

And suddenly we're running, scuttling down a very narrow staircase while a very loud gun fires behind us. Skipp hits the wall as three great seeping holes blow glutinous red out the back of his formal promwear. He slides down and out of frame as Peter and Craig scurry through an open doorway, leaving Perry the hapless stuntsister to get blasted off the cliff, blood spurting through the air behind him.

Andy empties the clip into the doorway, an explosion of flame and flying brass, then smugly turns to reload just as Peter and Craig come hauling ass back through the door, bloodthirsty 'Breed in demon drag. Peter spins Andy around as Craig deals out a load of sledgehammer vengeance, the force of the blow dragging Craig to the brink as Andy goes hurtling over---

Then Craig, too, plummets headfirst into the foam-bagged bowels of Midian below!

Actually, Craig wasn't supposed to go over the cliff. He just got carried away.

Actually, Craig wasn't supposed to go over the cliff. He just got carried away. But that's the way it is on a Clive Barker set. Enthusiasm is the name of the game.

So amid many jokes about suicidal 'Breed, we take off at long last for the showers again, and an end to sexual ambiguity. We've got to hurry, because Baphomet's chamber is set to blow at any minute.

We make it back just in time to rev up our Action-cam, catching this one-take-only destruction of one of the main *Nightbreed* sets. Five cameras, no waiting. No second chances.

Bullhorn commands bark to debris-droppers and grips. A fire crew waits in the wings. Cast and crew watch from the cliffs and catwalks. Dino huddles with Clive's parents under the scaffolding, as they watch their boy at work. Clive kneels next to one of the cameras. And Midian holds its breath, as Clive nods.

All hell breaks loose. Dust and debris rain down from above. Smoke chokes the chamber as two Midianites scurry away with Baphomet's fractured remains a split-second before a series of explosions rip through the set, and Baphomet's chamber goes up in an incandescent flashroar of light and thunder and smoking, sparkling debris.

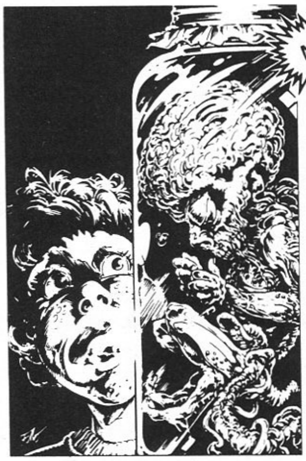
Thirty seconds later, Baphomet's chamber is history. Fires are quashed, and a round of applause goes up as everyone emerges to scope the damage. Our Action-cam pans across the milling crowd, finds Clive and zooms in to where he stands at the smoking lip of the pit, pensively surveying the million-dollar wreckage of the world he'd wrought.

Then he turns, pushes his glasses up on his nose and wipes a stray cinder from his eye.

"Oh, yes," he smiles. "We like that very much!"

And so it is, we leave this strange land, amid tearful farewells and promises of instant deportation, to return to the land of the free and the home of Lite beer. As we await our takeoff at Heathrow, casually wondering which window we'll be sucked out of when the terrorist's radio blows up, we come to a last tender realization: Howsoever many chunks of ourselves are left on this smoking tarmac, a little piece of our hearts will ever remain in Midian.

AMERICA'S FAVORITE HORROR SHIRTS



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White design on black shirt.

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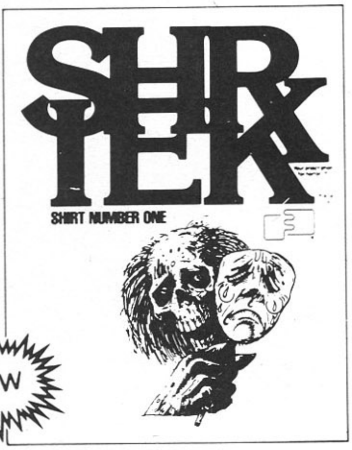

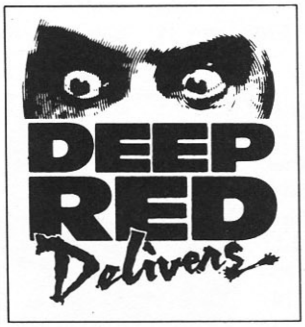

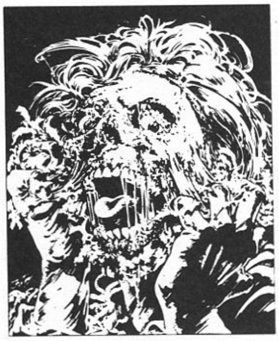

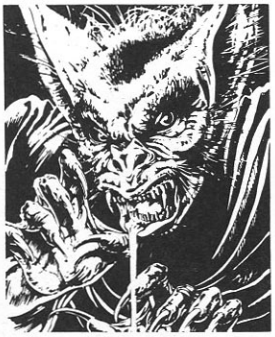

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(second printing)
White design on a red shirt.

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By DOUG DREXLER

CAGLIONE & DREXLER'S MAKEUP FX LAB

Bob Kelly Wigs Out

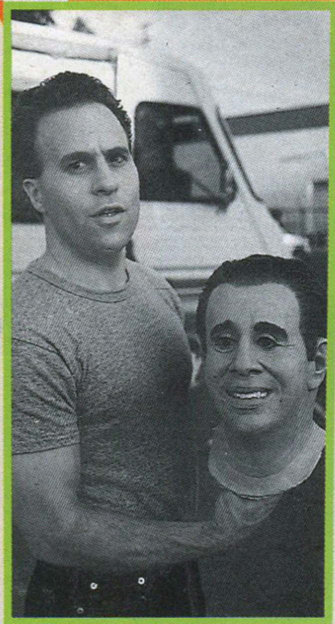


PHOTO 1: Doug brandishes a pull-off foam latex mask for a recent Isuzu commercial. The nefarious Joe Isuzu unscrupulously disguises himself as a Jeep Cherokee dealer. Commercials are a rollercoaster ride all their own, and not for the faint-hearted!

Didja catch that Joe Isuzu commercial with the pull-off mask? Yep, that was us. How's about that Bar None chocolate beastie skit? That, too! Yes, with *Dick Tracy* in postproduction, Caglione & Drexler turn our eyes once more toward the warm and lucrative free-lance seas. The fishing is good, and the natives are friendly. Commercials are a whole different animal from motion pictures. It's much akin to feeding sharks fish heads from between your teeth: There's no room for error, but it makes for interesting reading in an upcoming lab.

Didja see FANGORIA PRESENTS CINEMAGIC HORROR FX? A makeup FX magazine written by makeup FX artists! Y'got yer Dick Smith, yer Kevin Yagher, yer Mark Shostrom and yer Cag & Drex—all in one magazine! If all these guys met in the same elevator at the same time, the Earth might fall off its axis. And here they are, pourin' their hearts out to you in their very own book. God bless the United States of America! This is a veritable makeup explosion!

Field Trip! This issue, we all take a little sojourn to East 46th Street and Times Square, the crossroads of the whole blamed world—but more importantly, headquarters of the famous Bob Kelly Wig Creations! Bob and company represent the foremost makers of theatrical hairpieces for motion pictures, television and stage on the planet, quite possibly the universe! So oil up those clippers and fire up those irons, the Cag & Drex flying lab is on final approach!

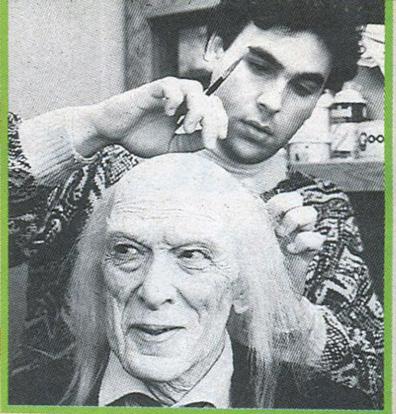


PHOTO 2: Y'know, the capper to a great character makeup is the hair work. A beautiful application can be undermined by a sorry hairpiece. Of course, not every situation calls for a top-of-the-line wig; for instance, the wig on the Joe Isuzu pull-off mask in the previous photo was suitable for 20 frames of film and most economical. However, a makeup like Nate Davis here calls for a hairpiece of the highest order. Likely to be scrutinized by the audience, we depend upon its "naturalness" to help sell it. A hairpiece like this is ventilated on the finest lace with the greatest patience, *one dad-burned follicle at a time*! John Caglione finesses a beautiful Bob Kelly hairpiece.

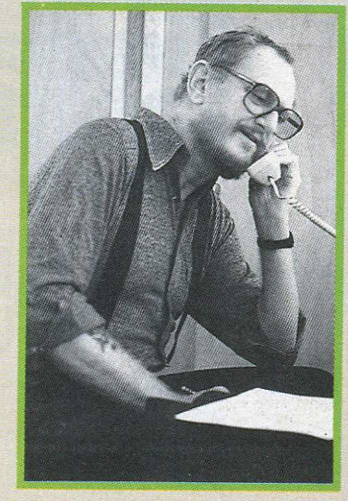


PHOTO 3: Hugh R. Kelly—a.k.a. Bob—he's the man. Didja know that Bob's family history as wigmakers for theater goes back to the 1800s? Hell no, I'm not kidding! His grandfather was the theatrical wig maven in New York. (Incidentally, at that time, a good portion of the city's theater was happening in Brooklyn.) Bob's career as creator of fine hair began with his discharge from the Army at the end of World War II. With some help from the G.I. Bill, Bob lassoed himself a wigmaking apprenticeship with the then-leading company in the field. There he sharpened his skills and eventually went off on his own to found Bob Kelly Wig Creations.

PHOTO 4: In the 1950s, live television took off and New York became a hotbed of drama. As a makeup artist, Bob worked on such prestigious shows as *Playhouse 90*, *The U.S. Steel Hour* and *Studio One*.

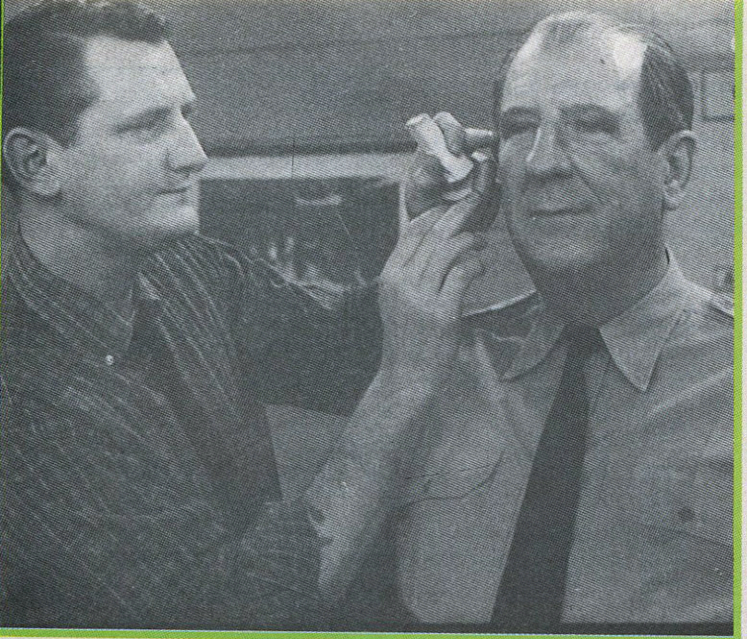
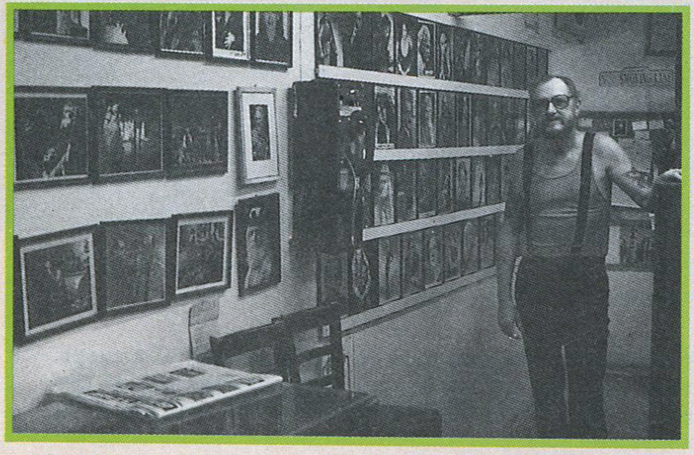


PHOTO 5: Bob also worked on such comedy classics as *The Honeymooners* and *Sergeant Bilko*. TV was veddy, veddy good to Bob, but the fledgling wig business was going ballistic. He took the bull by the horns and rode that sucker to greatness!

All Photos: Copyright 1990 Caglione & Drexler

PHOTO 6: Today, Bob's Wall of Fame includes work for some of the most incredible makeups ever seen. He has been a partner to Dick Smith, creating hair for noteworthy assignments like old Salieri in *Amadeus* and Hal Holbrook's Mark Twain. Bob's Broadway credits include *My Fair Lady*, *The King and I*, *Li'l Abner*, *M. Butterfly* and *Three Penny Opera*. The list is literally endless.



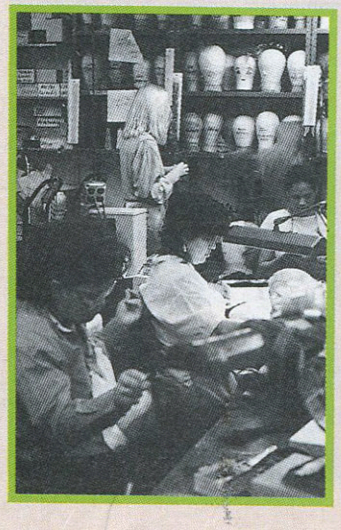


PHOTO 7: Today, Bob Kelly Wig Creations thrives and has been located at the same address in midtown Manhattan for over 25 years. John and I consider it a theatrical landmark. We *love* visiting Kelly's. You never know whom you might run into. We've seen 'em all there, from Bozo the Clown to Dolly Parton.

PHOTO 8: No, this thing ain't what those Indian dudes sleep on. It's a *hackle*, a device used for combing and untangling skeins of hair. It is essential when blending hair, as well.

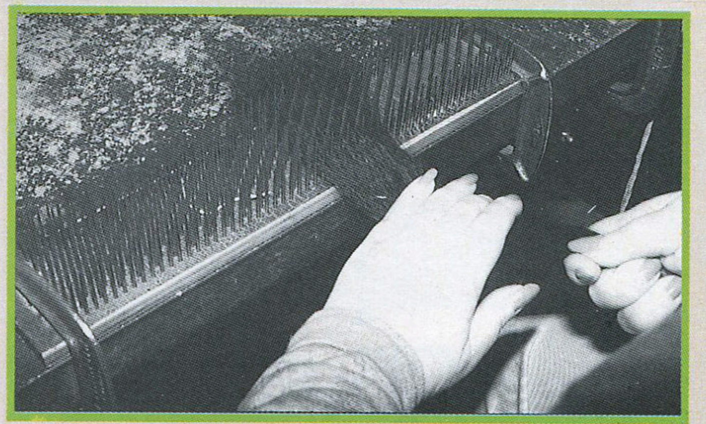
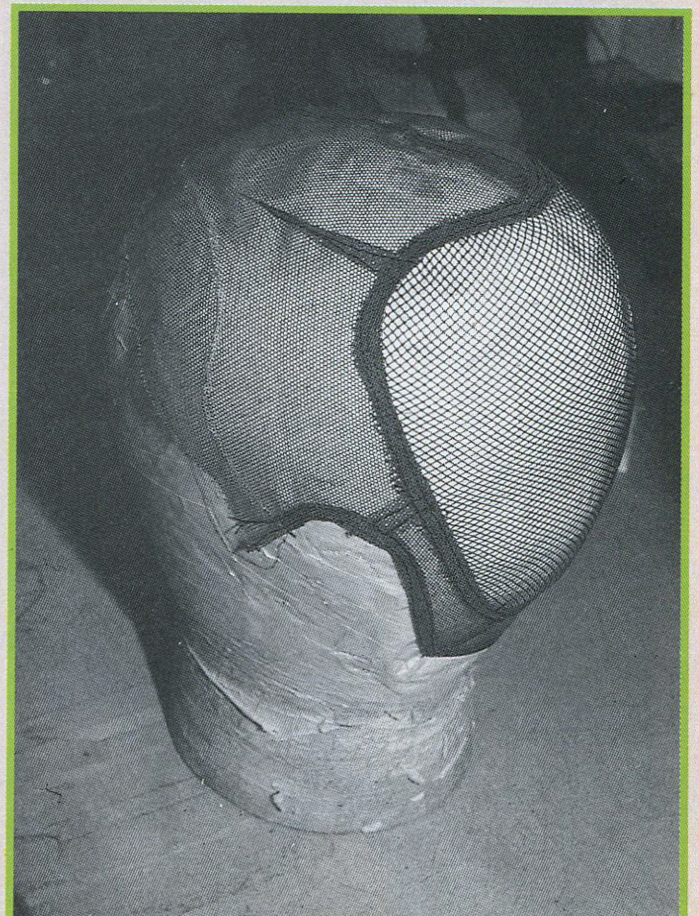


PHOTO 9: When preparing for a big show like *M. Butterfly*, dozens of these skeins are readied for ventilation into fine nylon lace. They are hung from specially designed racks that can be hoisted to the ceiling and out of harm's way.

PHOTO 10: This is the wig foundation. The front of the foundation is fine nylon lace. Anywhere that you can see through the hair to the scalp (particularly the hairline) must be ventilated into lace. When lace lays against skin, it is virtually invisible. Beyond that, hair stitched economically into *wefts* (or lines) are sewn onto the foundation.



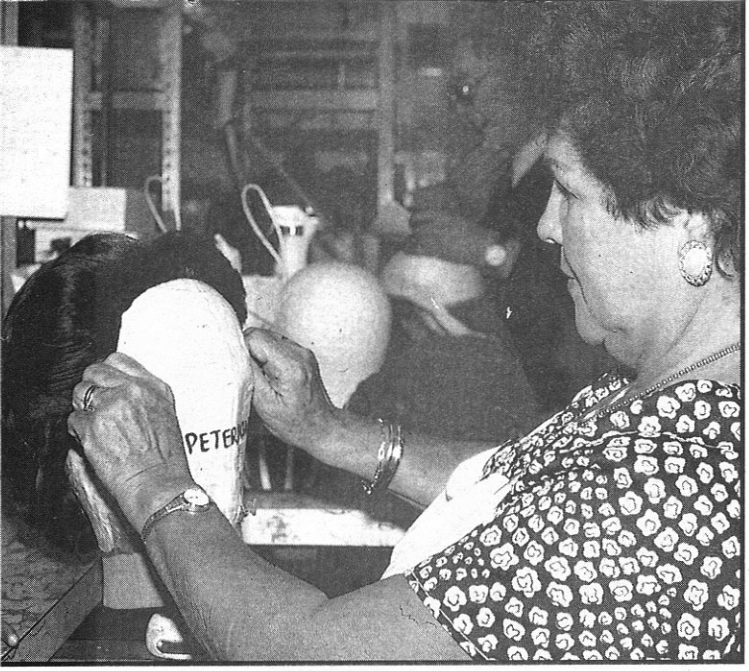


PHOTO 11: As you can see, some wigs, particularly those used on stage, do not need a delicately ventilated hairline. If hair is to be swept back, ventilation is a must. It's the only decent way to get a feathered hairline. Witness the next photo.

PHOTO 12: Utilizing special ventilating needles, each hair, one at a time, is tied and knotted into the fine nylon lace. Incredibly, each hair must be knotted with a direction that is congruent to its brothers and sisters. *Gawd*! This technique allows for a beautiful, natural hairline able to withstand the closest of scrutiny.

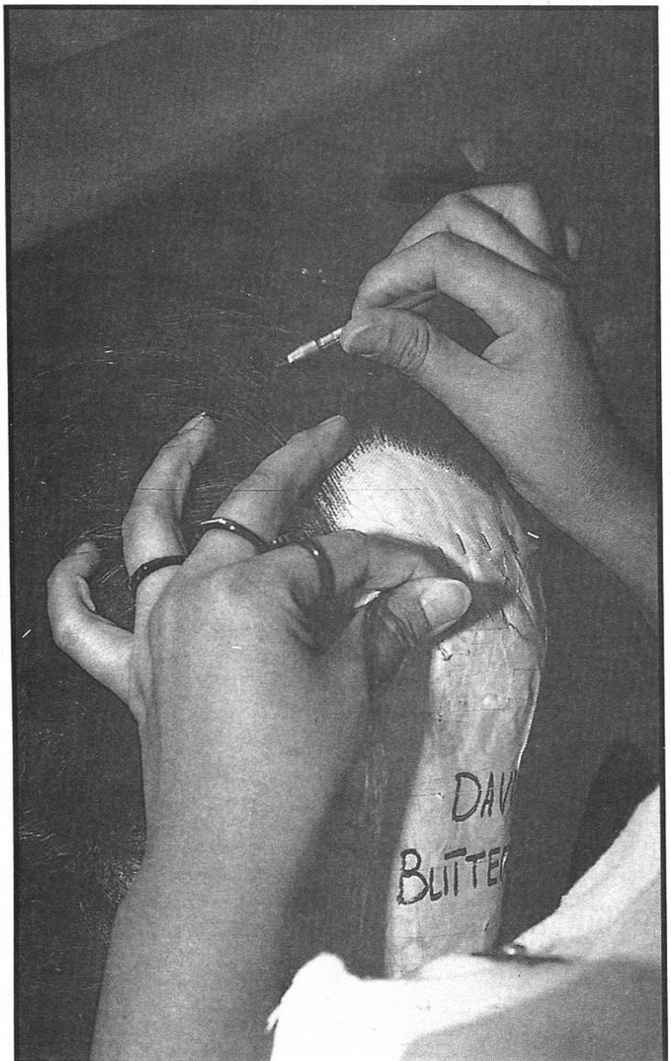


PHOTO 13: *The birth of a moustache*. One of Kelly's girls gets all the hair ventilated real pretty-like. From this point, she passes off to maestro Billy Urban...

Bob's family history as wigmakers goes back to the 1880s.

Guiding Ligh

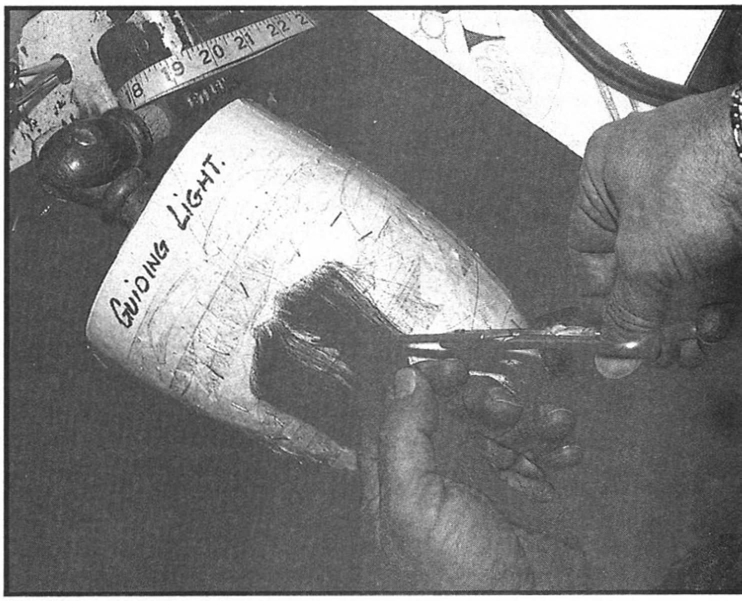


PHOTO 14: ...who deftly trims the hairpiece to its optimum aesthetic proportion.

PHOTO 15: The next step in the evolution of a moustache calls for a dash of style. Billy has the iron in the oven; when it reaches temperature, he will use it to shape and curl.

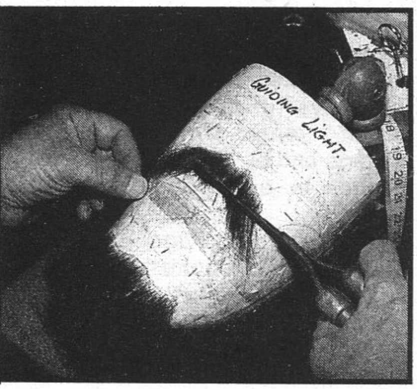


PHOTO 16: If the iron is too hot, you can burn the hair. If it isn't hot enough, it will have little styling effect. Most people pick up a piece of Kleenex with their iron, and if it turns brown you have to wait a moment to let it cool a bit. (Other folks actually hold the iron under their nose in order to judge temperature, which is akin to lighting your cigarette with a flamethrower.)

PHOTO 17: As you can see, moustaches from all over town are lining up to be trimmed by Billy. Just one more snip and that's *poifect*!

PHOTO 18: Hair today, and there tomorrow. Dependability, thy name be Kelly!

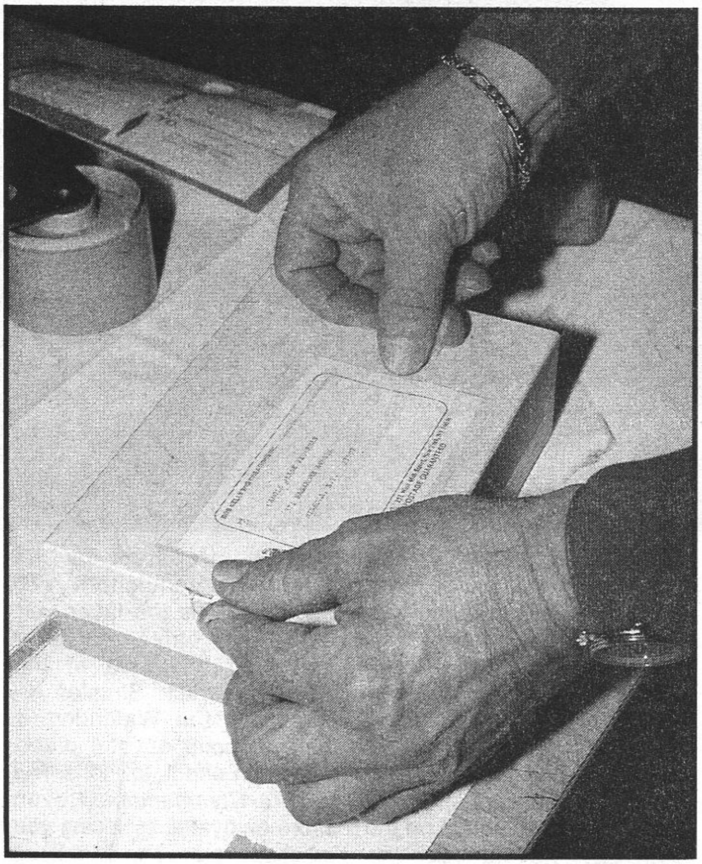
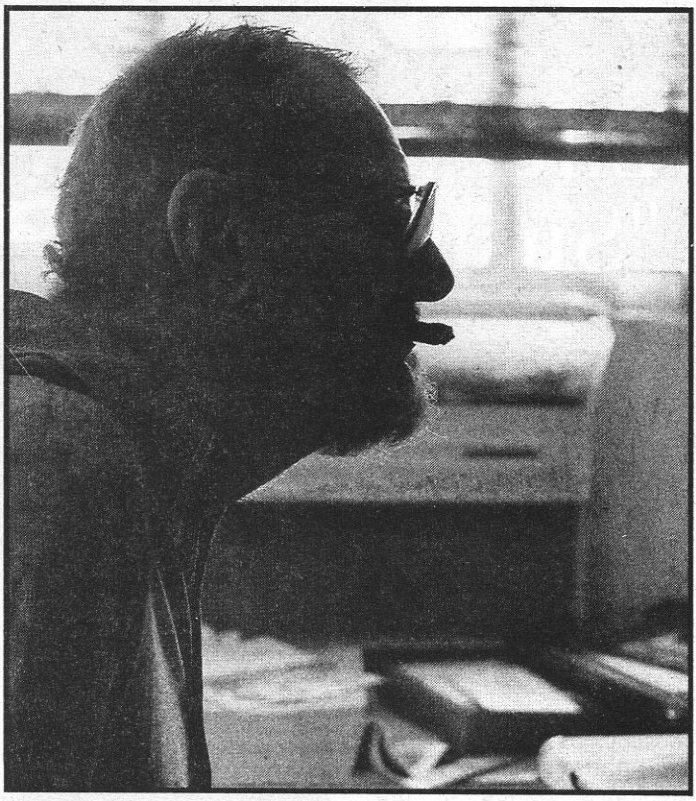


PHOTO 19: In 1958, Bob started his wigmaking business, nestled there in the canyons of New York City. His contributions to motion pictures, television and the Broadway stage are inestimable. You've seen his work a thousand times, and even if you've *never* seen it, you've *felt* its impact on character development. Thank you, Bob, you're an incredible partner to have while developing any makeup. You've saved our butts countless times, and we are forever—and we do mean *forever*—in your debt!



The capper to a great character makeup is the hair work.

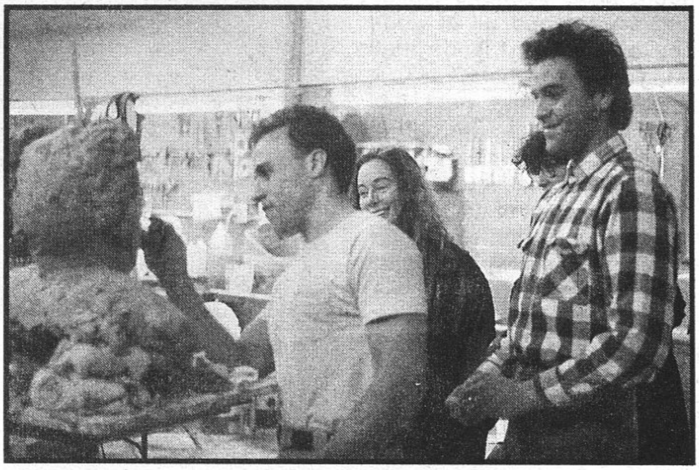


PHOTO 20: *Sniffle*. We love that nutty Bob Kelly. Anyway...*Ten-hut*! It's back to the lab! That's right, next time at Cag & Drex's Makeup FX Boot Camp, we nut and bolt it! It's gonna be a technohead delight, *Return to the Planet of Basic Moldmaking*! (And it's good for you, too!) Later!

VIDEO WATCHDOG

By TIM LUCAS

Life After "Suspiria"

By now you've probably bought your Connoisseur's Edition of Magnum Entertainment's *Suspiria*, played it umpteengodzillion times, discovered goosebumps you never knew you had, spotted Daria Nicolodi's cameo in the opening shot, seriously considered upgrading your TV stereo system, written letters to Jessica Harper you'll never mail, awakened in a cold sweat from a dream or two about Miss Tanner's smile, and enlightened all of your hockey-masked friends that "Magic is everywhere."

So what's the next big thrill? Is there life after *Suspiria*?

Well, now that you've seen the boiling point of Italian horror, you may be interested in checking out the film that started it all, the one that called the kettle black (as in Sunday). Sinister Cinema (PO Box 777, Pacifica, CA 94044) has made this long-withheld pleasure possible with their recent widescreen release of Riccardo Freda's *The Devil's Commandment* (*I Vampiri*, 1956). A vampiric fountain of youth saga, it was the first horror film made in Italy after 1910, initiated the horror revival of the 1950s and launched two of the most distinguished careers the genre has known. Freda (who plays a doctor in two early scenes) went on to direct *The Horrible Dr. Hitchcock* (1962, Republic Video), *The Ghost* (1963, Liberty Video), *Fear* (1980, Wizard Video) and many others, and remains active as a production consultant today in his 80s. His director of photography on *The Devil's Commandment* was the great Mario Bava, whose resume all true GoreZonians have memorized. Production of the film was limited to a 12-day schedule, and after suffering numerous setbacks (due in part to filming bilingual versions of most scenes), Freda abandoned the project on the 10th day, having been refused an extension. Bava, promptly promoted to director, completed the film in only *two* days (!), fattening it to feature length with stock footage and by filming certain scenes in extended single takes.

Three years ago, the British Film Institute ran a brief Italian Fantasy retrospective which included *two* versions of this film; one was the only extant print of an English version prepared by the Italian producers (85 minutes) and the other a somewhat different, futzed-with version prepared by its American acquisitors (75 minutes). It is the latter version—the only one ever screened this side of the Atlantic—which Sinister offers, and the Watchdog is here to point out the differences (in effect, to make *The Devil's Commandment* even more enjoyable by telling you what you're seeing, as well as

Tell us! Where did those *Atom Age Vampire* scenes come from?

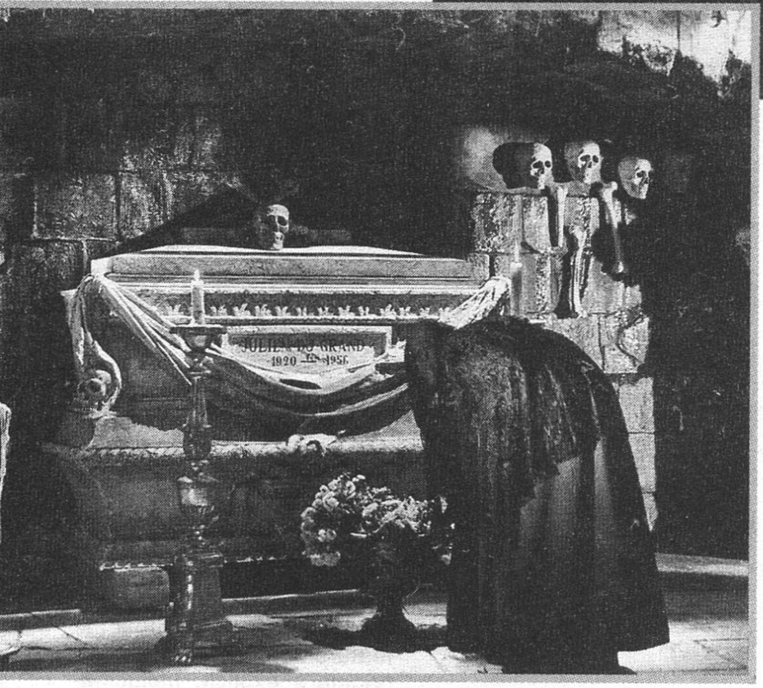
The Devil's Commandment is where Italian horror began.

Photos: Courtesy Alan Upchurch

what you'll *never* see).

As released by RCIP (Releasing Corporation of Independent Producers) in 1960, *The Devil's Commandment* replaced a couple of expository scenes from *I Vampiri* with new scenes and inserts shot in New York. (A "nudie" version is also rumored to have been circulated, under the title *Lust of the Vampire.*) In the midst of Bava's magnificent baroque images, these inserts—written by J.V. Rhems and filmed by Ronald Honthauer, at the request of RCIP moguls Jonathan Daniels and Victor Purcell—stand out like bleached wash. These include the first and third stalk-and-abduct scenes (Bava filmed only the second, Paul Muller's abduction of Nora the feather dancer); the first scene culled from *I Vampiri* depicts two silhouettes dumping a woman's dead body into the Seine. (That's right, *two* silhouettes, though the Americans filmed only *one* abductor!)

The *Atom Age Vampire* gets the grim news from his dermatologist: That isn't acne, chum.

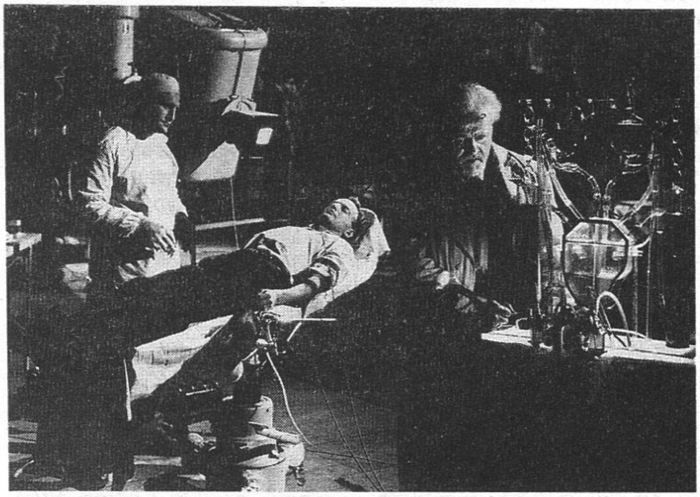


A *real* skull and crossbones makes all the difference when you decorate your tomb.

Honthauer also added an uproariously funny scene supposedly set in a French bistro. "Good evening, Mamzelle," the Brooklynese maitre d' slurs, ignoring the fact that she stepped inside from broad daylight, "I would suggest our *poulet au grat*; it is magnificent, made from the finest chicken. I had it for supper myself." His reaction when she orders a double Scotch must be seen to be believed.

The most fascinating (and offensive) of the inserts appears near the film's climax, when the police descend on the vampiric Duchess Du Grand's (Gianna Maria Canale) castle. Her aging husband's beefy assistant (Angiolo Galassi) takes the abducted heroine Laurette (Wandisa Guida) in his arms, intending to chloroform and then conceal her in the family crypt. This *is* what happens in the Italian version, but Americans were treated instead to a leering insert of Al "Grampa" Lewis (a reasonable Galassi look-alike) seizing the opportunity to force his blouse-tearing affections on a Guida double! What better opportunity than when the police are banging down the door, eh?

According to a *fumetti* (photonovel) of *I Vampiri* which appeared in a 1963 issue of the French magazine *Star Cine Cosmos*, eight scenes were deleted from the film's American edition. In brief, these scenes include: 1) Inspector Chantal accompanying our hero Pierre (Dario Michaelis) to the apartment where they expect to find suspect Joseph Seignoret (Paul Muller), but find another tenant there instead (this scene follows Seignoret's own abduction); 2) a worried Pierre checking with Laurette's parents when she doesn't return from the *lycee*; 3) one of Laurette's girlfriends informs Inspector Chantal of the blind man who asked Laurette to mail his letter, whom Chantal finds and interrogates, learning that she took the letter to an empty house scheduled for demolition; 4) Pierre being chewed out by his editor for writing his vampire stories; 5) Pierre leaving Gisele's party early, inviting Ronald to pursue her; 6) the next day, Pierre gets roped into escorting Gisele to an antiques shop, where the dealer sells a painting to her as fairly as he would to her aunt, claiming, "To me, the Duchess and you, Mademoiselle, are the same



Sure, *The Devil's Commandment* invented Italian horror, but it owes something to '50s science fiction.

Barbara Steele is a producer now, and she doesn't have to put up with this kind of treatment anymore. (From *The Ghost*)

person"; and 7) Pierre's later interrogation of the antiques dealer, which segues into 8) a brief meeting with Inspector Chantal, whom Pierre finally persuades to search the Castle Du Grand. (Thanks to Alan Upchurch for supplying this rare *fumetti*.)

Incidentally, if Roman Vlad's end credit music sounds familiar, you may remember the exact same recording as the main theme from BBC-TV's *Quatermass and the Pit* serial, "composed" by Trevor Duncan (as released last year in the U.K. on BBC Video). Like many Italian soundtracks from this period, Vlad's original score was issued as a library recording for reuse by other productions. In fact, a passage from *I Vampiri* can be heard in Bava's own *Kill, Baby, Kill!* (1966), as a sorceress subjects a tavern girl to sadistic "cures" for a supernatural visitation.

All told, these revisions do not seriously interfere with one's enjoyment or appreciation of *The Devil's Commandment*. If the movie seems naive or even crude by today's standards, and the dialogue sounds stilted (the dubbing was made to match English dialogue improvised by the Italian actors), just keep telling yourself, *This is where Italian horror began*. With this film, Freda, Bava and art director Giorgio Giovannini defined the "look" of the Italian horror film which, in its perfection, has remained constant ever since. Gianna Maria Canale is extraordinary as Giselle/ Duchess Margarethe Du Grande, a two-faced *donna fatale* and, therefore, a direct ascendant of Barbara Steele's dual role in *Black Sunday*. And when you meet the Duchess, you'll see where Argento's shuddery Mater Suspiriorum came from.

Thou shalt order a copy immediately.

IT ISN'T OVER TILL THE FAT LADY SINGS

Last September (last week, as I'm writing this), Toronto, Ontario was treated to three surprising screenings of Dario Argento's *Opera*—uncut!—at their Toronto Festival of Festivals. According to correspondent Erik Sulev, Argento travelled to Toronto from the set of *Two Evil Eyes* in Pittsburgh to announce at a press conference that "the only other place to see *Opera* uncut is in my living room!" (Wake up and smell the cappuccino, Dario!) To everyone's surprise, the version screened indicated that Argento still hasn't given up tinkering with the commercial disaster. The Toronto print had its English dialogue dubbed into Italian, with English subtitles (as befits the presentation of festivals) and also sported new narration by Argento himself in two instances, explaining the killer's flashbacks of chained women and lending overdone lyricism to the closing shots of Christina Marsillach and the lizard she frees.

The other highlight of the festival was the English-language premiere of Hideki Takayama's animated *The Legend of Overfiend*, a 108-minute condensation of the three-volume masterpiece known as *Urotsoki Doji* ("The Wandering Kid") on Emotion tapes and laserdiscs in Japan. Sulev reports that the onscreen title was *Legend of the God of Gods* and that the feature leaves most of the original's explicit, hallucinatory horrotica on the cutting room floor, which means that (despite the language barrier) the videocassettes remain the edition of choice.

"What?! They're shooting inserts with Al 'Grampa' Lewis?"

THE TAPE WITH MAYNE IS REALLY KIND OF PLAIN

The budget label Star Classics has released David Hewitt's uproariously lousy *Gallery of Horrors* (1967), a film originally titled *Dr. Terror's Gallery of Horrors* (until Amicus wisely suppressed its titular resemblance to one of its own movies). The video box is dominated by a shot of actor Ferdinand "Ferdy" Mayne from his turn as Count Orlock in Roman Polanski's *The Fearless Vampire Killers* (1967), licking his fangs. Whatever you do, don't mistake this cassette for a retitling of Polanski's still-unavailable gem, or it'll ruin your day.

Perhaps Ted Turner should take a tip from Milton Subotsky and give Star Classics a call.

HOT OFF THE HORROR HOTLINE

A fascinating print of Anton Giulio Majano's *Atom Age Vampire* (*Seddock—L'Ereda di Satana*, 1959) recently aired on a Florida TV station. Newly copyrighted (1987) by UPA Productions of America, the print was gorgeously remastered from the original negative and included 30 seconds' worth of new post-credits documentary footage of Hiroshima and experimental nuclear blasts to emphasize the film's tenuous "atomic horror" angle. The print clocked in at 87 minutes (that's *16* minutes longer than Video Yesteryear's copy, and two scenes longer than the print occasionally shown by New York's WPIX)! I haven't seen Sinister Cinema's print, but the trailer for *Atom Age Vampire* (a bonus on their tapes of the Wallace krimi *The Monster of London City*, 1966) contains clips from two scenes unavailable in any known print. One shows a few seconds of Suzanne Loret's torrid nightclub dance (the film's original opening scene), the other depicts Seddock's monstrous hands strangling a new female victim.

American Video finally succeeded in wrestling the video rights to *Ilsa, the Tigress of Siberia* from its original holders and released a beautiful-looking, *uncut* copy.

Italian horror fans may have noticed an unheralded reunion of sorts at the 1989 Emmy Awards. Barbara Steele (who needs no introduction) shared the Best Limited Series award with Dan Curtis for their production *War and Remembrance*. The gum-popping Curtis hogged the entire acceptance speech, while La Steele lingered nervously in the background. The winner for Best Comedy Director (for ABC's *The Wonder Years*) was Peter Baldwin, last seen when Barbara slashed him to ribbons with a straightrazor in Freda's *The Ghost*! So where was their Sanskrit-speaking, mediumistic housekeeper, Harriet White Medin? Probably watching at home, but the Watchdog recently spotted her in an episode of NBC's *Quantum Leap* (why else would I have watched?) and a commercial for a certain airline that helps little old ladies find their lost rings.

Maybe it's your breath, guy.

The trailer for *Atom Age Vampire* contains clips from two scenes unavailable in any known print.

What's John Carradine doing on the set of *Dr. Terror's Gallery of Horrors*? Paying his rent.

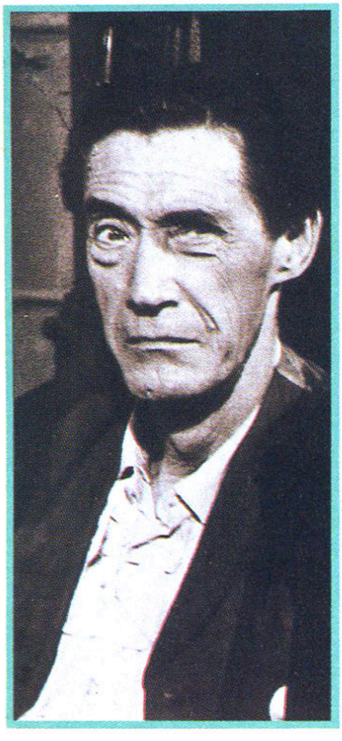


Photo: Courtesy John Cocchi

THE LAST PARAGRAPHS

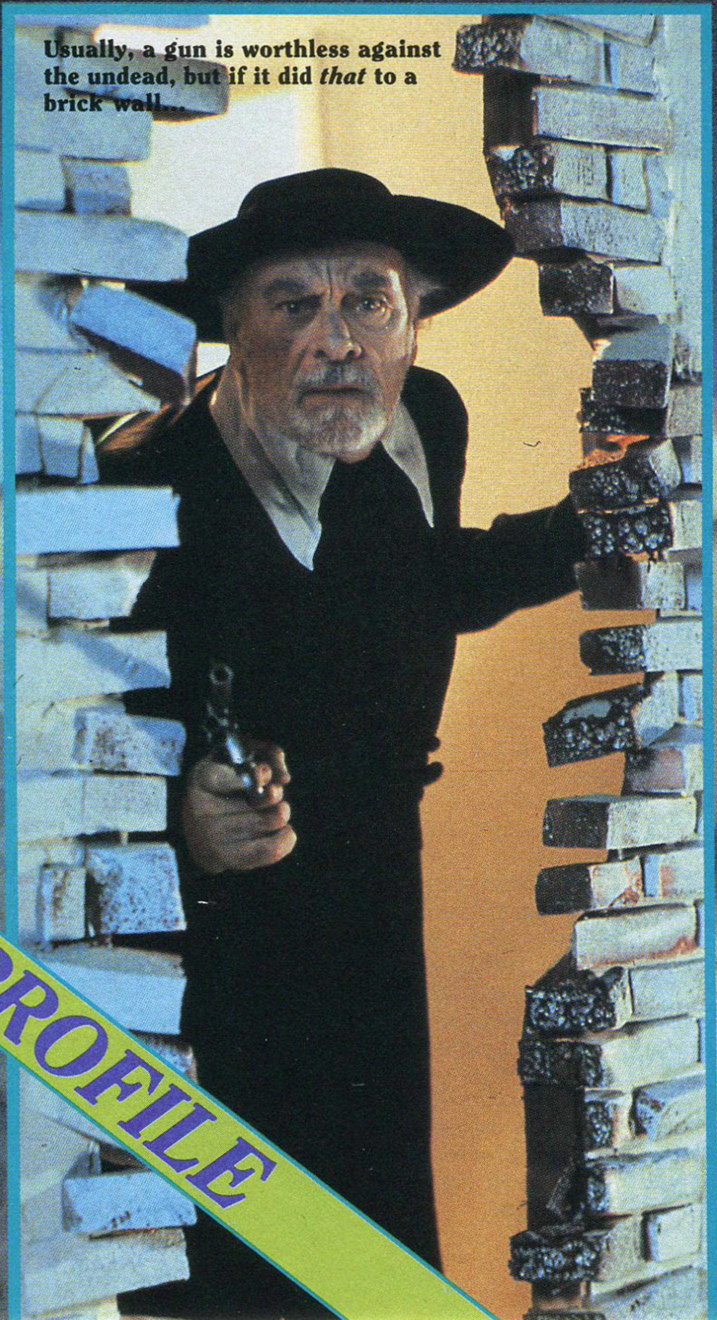
The Watchdog feels obliged and pleased to announce that United American Video Corporation—a new outfit located in Charlotte, NC—has obtained the rights to Dennis Hopper's *The Last Movie* (1970), now in discerning video stores. Why should this psychedelic psycho-Western be of interest to GoreZonians? Well, in a sense, this long-suppressed film could almost be called *The Last AIP Movie*, as it was the most apocalyptic chapter in the sojourn that began for Hopper (and several of his co-stars) in such must-see Corman classics as *The Wild Angels* and *The Trip*. A certain GoreZonian relevance also lies in the fact that Universal Pictures was so frightened by this movie's subversive power—despite its First Prize placing at the 1970 Venice Film Festival—that they deliberately buried it for nearly 20 years, until Hopper finally reacquired the rights a few years ago.

Told in a fragmented, deliberately "unedited-looking" manner that continuously reminds you you're watching a movie, *The Last Movie* charts how the shooting of a Hollywood Western in a small Peruvian town gradually pollutes the lives and dreams of its villagers while corrupting the natural beauty of their surroundings. It tells more about Hollywood than Hollywood wanted anyone to know. It features remarkable, renegade performances by Julia (*Creature from the Black Lagoon*) Adams, Don (*The Beast Within*) Gordon and a surprise appearance by Tomas Milian, star of that notorious gore Western, *Django, Kill!*. A haunting, disturbing movie. Definitely recommended.

By LARRY BARSKY

Vampires Are in TONY HICKOX'S Blood

"I've seen just about every way of killing a person on film. What's important to me now is, where do you go after gore?"



Usually, a gun is worthless against the undead, but if it did *that* to a brick wall...

PROFILE

"It's been hell, but in a positive way," ventures director Anthony Hickox from the car's back seat. Riding through the October 1988 Utah locations of his $3 million Vestron epic *Sundown*, the writer/director quickly explains his last cryptic statement.

"Making *Waxwork* [his first full-length feature] was a party compared to this," he sighs. "There's always something going wrong on a movie this size, especially filming on location." He's referring to the sizable cast of vampires and humans, which includes David Carradine, Bruce Campbell, M. Emmet Walsh, Deborah Foreman, John Ireland, Morgan Brittany, Jim Metzler, Maxwell Caulfield and Dana Ashbrook, not to mention *hundreds* of vampire cowboys on horses and three FX crews. It's all coordinated in a remote desert setting.

"For instance, this morning, during a scene with Deborah Foreman driving a car, the brakes suddenly went out," the exhausted director continues. "So we hook the car to a tow truck. As we're towing it along, the truck breaks down. That goes on every day in some form or another. Some days, makeup is delayed because something's been forgotten; another day, it's wardrobe. We had perfect sun for five days in a row, then when we tried to do some big exterior shots of the mountains and desert terrain, it started pouring rain. But we got some beautiful footage. The cloud formations were incredible.

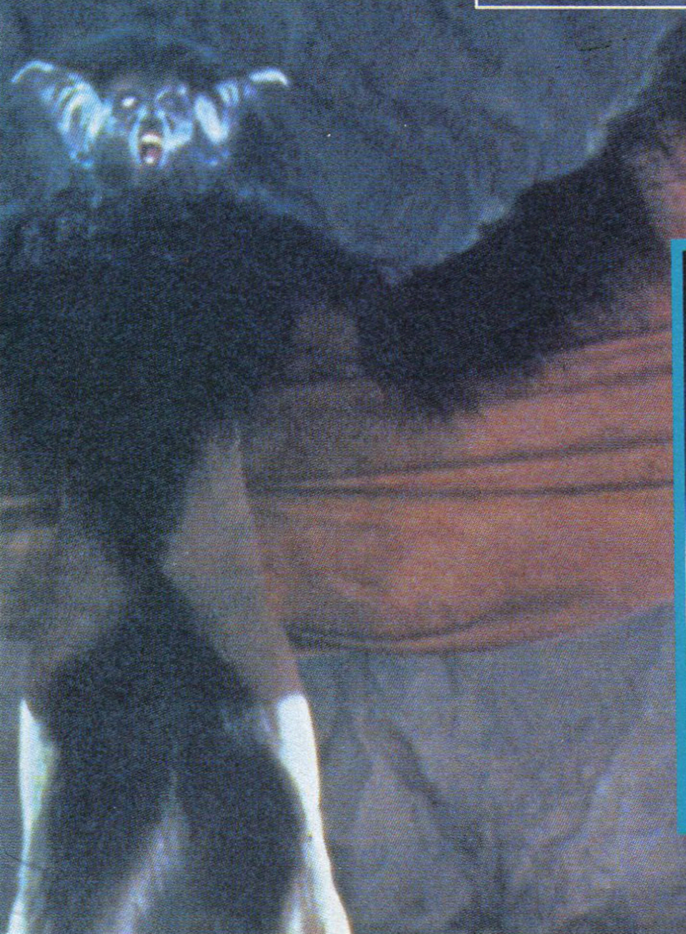
"All the struggling is actually making each frame of the picture very special," he asserts. "It seems that what we're getting on screen is so incredible, it more than makes up for the challenges we're facing. *Sundown* is really taking on an energy of its own."

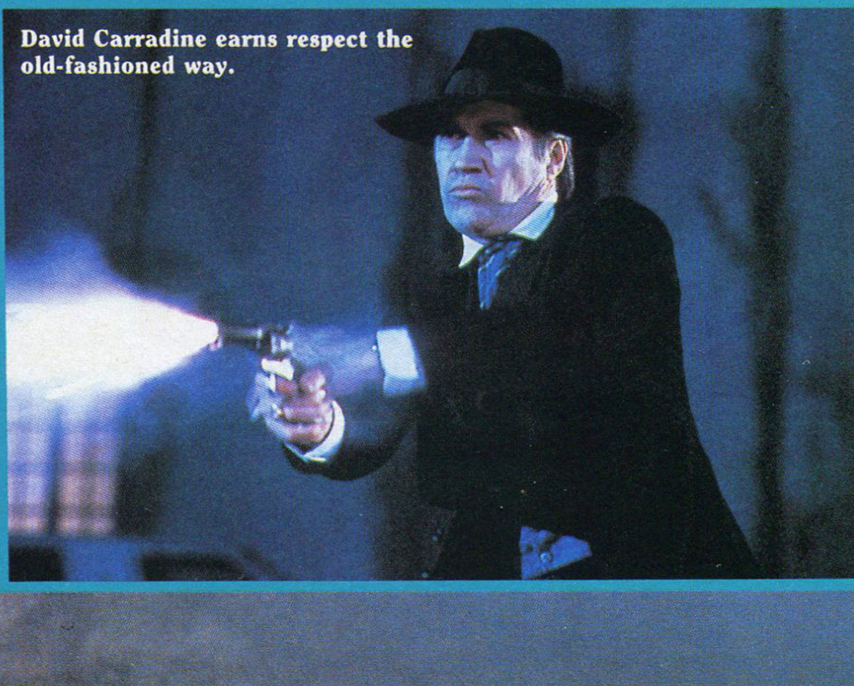
The midnight desert sky suddenly flashes alight with long jagged bolts of lightning, illuminating the beautiful Deborah Foreman in the front seat as we pull into our destination: the Westerner 24-hour truck stop. Inside the small cafe, Hickox and Foreman join producer Jef Richard, director of photography Levie Isaacks and production manager John Engel under a sign that reads, "Our coffee is guaranteed to take the cobwebs out of your head, the chill out of your bones and the skin off your teeth."

"It's hard to believe that with all this adversity, we're still bringing *Sundown* in on schedule and on budget," adds the excited director, attired in brown bomber jacket and Indiana Jones hat. "I don't think any of us can believe it, but somehow we're just making it. A large portion of the budget is already spent on the cast. People you wouldn't expect to be in a horror movie are here, and they're terrific. We've also spent a great deal of money on ammunition. There was a huge battle in the Hemotechnics blood plant interior. We used up our entire ammunition budget in that one fight, and we've still got four more battles to go! Have you seen our wooden bullets? They're a great way to kill vampires. Real wooden bullets. We don't muck around in this movie. Everything is real. Well, real within fantasy limits."

As the cobweb-killing coffee is rapidly consumed, the little diner quickly fills with *Sundown*'s cast and crew, and the unpleasant subject of *Waxwork*'s less-than-positive reviews is broached.

"*Waxwork*'s audience results prove that kids really don't pay that much attention to critics. Why should they?"



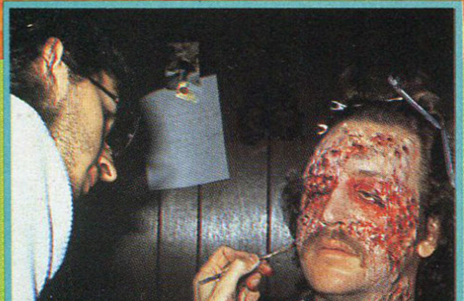


David Carradine earns respect the old-fashioned way.

A failed Mary Poppins gag claims a *Sundown* stuntman's life.

With *Waxwork*'s vampire sketch, Hickox proved himself a bloodslinger to be reckoned with.

"What we're getting on screen is so incredible, it more than makes up for the challenges we're facing."



Relax, bud. You're in good hands with FX maestro Tony Gardner.

"The critics really ganged up on us on *Waxwork*," Hickox frowns. "The LA *Times* said something like, 'Shame on David Warner. Shame on Anthony Hickox.' I don't really mind somebody's honest, creative opinion; I do get upset when a reviewer decides things like how much money a movie's going to make and how long it will play before going to video. Actually, *Waxwork* lasted a long time at Mann's Chinese Theater. It made a lot of money in LA. It annoys me when critics try to be funny and clever at our expense, and then don't even get their facts correct. For instance, I've been openly maligned about putting the Marquis de Sade sequence in a horror movie. Most people by now realize that *Waxwork* was a tribute to Hammer movies, and in fact there *were* three Hammer films about the Marquis de Sade, most notably *The Skull* with Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee. I could go on, but the audience results prove that kids really don't pay that much attention to critics. Why should they, as long as you give them a good time? I sat with an audience for *Waxwork* and they loved it. As long as the kids love it and the people paying the six bucks get their money's worth—remember, critics generally get in for free.

"The nicest thing that's ever happened to me happened today when a kid visiting Arches National Park with his family came up to me and started reciting lines from *Waxwork*," Hickox smiles. "When they recite lines from your movies, that's what really makes it all worthwhile. That's what you're doing it for. You do it for the audience."

Hickox, who boasts that *Sundown* is the "ultimate, last stamp on vampire movies," claims that his early fascination with horror films stemmed from not being allowed to watch them as a child. "When you're not allowed to do something as a youngster, it takes on mythic proportions." He remembers even at an early age having his room plastered with posters of Hammer Dracula movies. "I was always fascinated by vampires," he grins. "That image of Christopher Lee standing at a window in his black tuxedo with his black cloak looking at a girl who can't see his reflection. I still remember that poster, and I carried that image onto *Sundown*, except that Maxwell Caulfield is standing there behind Morgan Brittany without his cape or any clothes, in his birthday suit."

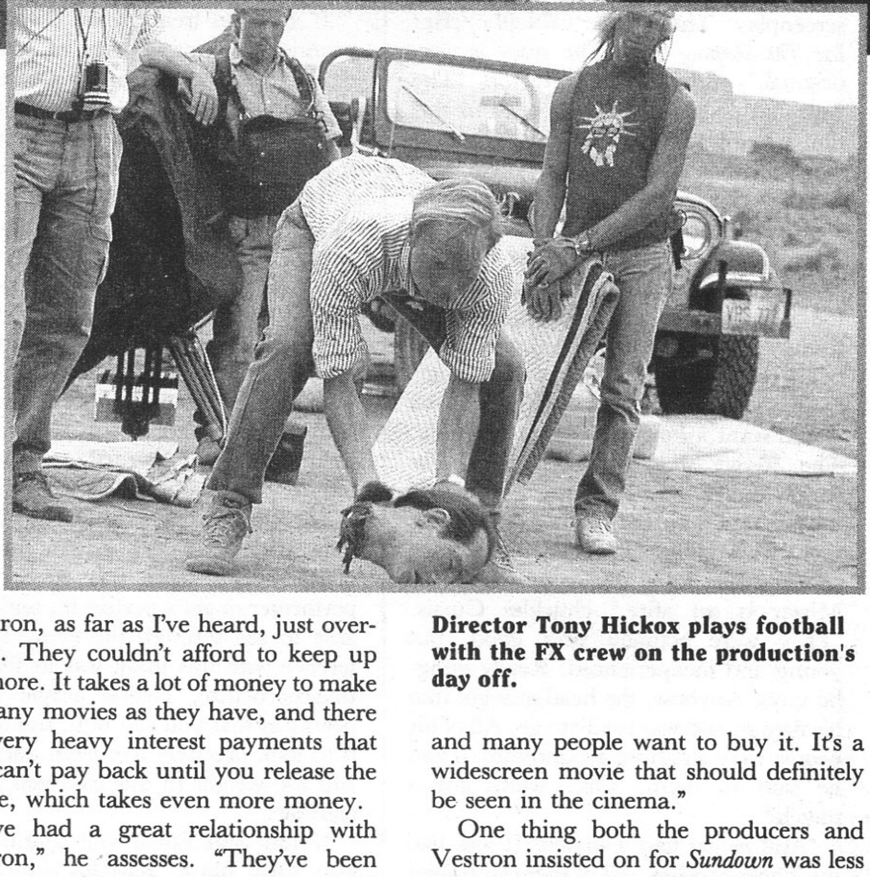
Growing up in a show business family (his father Douglas directed *Theater of Blood*, *Brannigan* and *Zulu Dawn*, while his mother Ann Coates won an Oscar for editing *Lawrence of Arabia*), Hickox always knew he would enter the film industry in one form or another. "When I was a child, I always wanted to be an actor," he reveals. "One day my dad threw down a book full of actor's pictures called *The Academy Players Guide* and said, 'Ninety-eight percent of these people can't afford a sandwich. Why not become a director?' "

After that, the young Hickox started carrying an 8mm camera everywhere. "I was one of those 8mm kids, always making short horror or science fiction movies, creating my own worlds, experimenting with crude special effects," he notes. "In fact, one of those shorts helped get me into college."

Not really excited by college, Hickox left after two semesters and started booking rock clubs and multimedia events in and around London. Using money he earned from club bookings, he financed a film that he'd written called *Rock-a-Bye Baby* (narrated by his father's friend from *Theater of Blood*, Vincent Price) which soon fell into the hands of *The Rocky Horror Show* producer Michael White. White hooked Hickox up with Hemdale in America to make the fledgling writer/director's science fiction story *Deathstar* into a full-length feature film. But when Hickox got to LA, the deal fell through and he found himself, like many before him, broke on the streets of Hollywood. A chance meeting with young entrepreneurial producer Staffan Ahrenberg ("Our cars crashed in the garage of the hotel we were both staying at.") led to Hickox's writing *Waxwork*. "I then conned Staffan into shopping the script around town." It eventually landed at the doors of Connecticut-based Vestron Pictures.

"And *that's* how you get to make horror movies in Hollywood," Hickox jokes from across the table of a hidden West Los Angeles restaurant nestled in the shadows of the MGM, Lorimar, AIP and Turner Broadcasting buildings. Almost one year to the month since filming wrapped on *Sundown*, Hickox is busy trying to get the movie released despite Vestron's theatrical-division shutdown.

Tony Hickox has his own ideas about how vampires should look.



Sundown & Waxwork Photos: Melissa Moseley/Copyright Vestron

Director Tony Hickox plays football with the FX crew on the production's day off.

"Vestron, as far as I've heard, just overspent. They couldn't afford to keep up anymore. It takes a lot of money to make as many movies as they have, and there are very heavy interest payments that you can't pay back until you release the movie, which takes even more money.

"I've had a great relationship with Vestron," he assesses. "They've been very supportive. They still call me, still keep in contact. They've been selling off their movies one at a time, and I just don't know when they'll get to *Sundown*. There's much interest in it right now, and many people want to buy it. It's a widescreen movie that should definitely be seen in the cinema."

One thing both the producers and Vestron insisted on for *Sundown* was less gore than *Waxwork*. "There is less blood, but we still got an X rating the first time it was submitted. I can't figure that one out. In my mind, *Sundown* is not a very

(continued on page 62)

SLEEPING

(continued from page 11)

and Curtis took *The Philadelphia Experiment* to New World Pictures. He produced the film for New World, but Stewart Raffill was given the director's cap.

Curtis drew a relatively large budget for *The Philadelphia Experiment*. Large enough, in fact, to buy a second-hand Navy destroyer. "We had to find a Navy destroyer we could use *without* the cooperation of the Navy," Curtis divulges. "They wouldn't give us a ship. We finally found one in Charleston, South Carolina—submerged in 50 feet of mud. But we made it look seaworthy."

In 1986, Curtis produced *Black Moon Rising* for New World. The action adventure, co-scripted by John Carpenter, starred Tommy Lee Jones as a professional thief assigned by the government to recover an experimental car from a group of car thieves.

After *Black Moon Rising*, Curtis was anxious to return to feature film directing—without giving up his producer's control. It was only a matter of the right screenplay. Then came O'Neill's script for *The Sleeping Car*. "The story is very original," enthuses the director. "The way that people meet their ends in this film is entirely different from what I've seen in other movies. And Kevin McCarthy's character is quite wonderful; he writes children's books but he's also very interested in the occult. He's the first one to suspect that something's happening in the sleeping car, and he makes very funny comments on the genre, without being disrespectful to what we're doing."

Should there be a *Sleeping Car 2*, Curtis would want a longer shooting schedule. The 30-day slog for *The Sleeping Car* simply didn't allow for mistakes, such as the one that occurred on the last freezing night in Malibu. "We had some stunt coordinators doing the scene where the Mister is set afire," chuckles Curtis. "They were actually very good, but young and inexperienced. Really gung-ho guys. Anyhow, the head guy got into his firesuit and was ready to go. All of his people were standing around him. Then he said to them, 'OK, who's got a match?'

"And *no one* had a match! It was like the Three Stooges. All of these stuntmen were standing around, and no one even had a match to burn the guy! Finally, a woman on the set said, 'Wanna use my lighter?' It was funny," muses Curtis. "But at the same time, I almost cried."

GABE FX

(continued from page 21)

he adds. "His name is Basil Wolverton, and I referred to his style. The freaks may have normal features except, say, the teeth, as is the case with Toothy. They're ridiculously oversized and exaggerated. The design is so broad and nuts, but they still have a definite wisp of reality to them. Of the 24 produced, I created 16. Because all the creatures sometime sustain long screen time, we created them to withstand that. They hold up real well, and Frank can shoot them from all angles."

Basket Case 2's Belial, the hideously deformed creature whose penchant for blood is akin to a freakin' vampire, was originally created by Kevin Haney, John Caglione and Henenlotter. Not wishing to mess with success, "they really want to keep the same look for him," Bartalos smiles. "All that was requested from me was to soup him up a bit, some design tightening to give him a more vicious look. The biggest change is that this new sculpture allows more mechanics. He has several more points of movement."

If you're a freak freak, *Basket Case 2* promises an untold bevy of screen oddities. "There are a couple where Frank simply told me to go nuts. He wanted them visually great without having to move and hold their own on camera. In a couple of days, I pounded them out rather quickly. One was Moonface, played by David Emge from *Dawn of the Dead*. It's a big moon-shaped head, kind of like my version of Mack the Knife gone to hell. It loops a full 360 degrees, and the face starts to continue again. It's real strong visually," Bartalos assesses. "Emge was wonderful in the part. He managed to give character to it, which is tough when you're in a static mask.

"Toothy's largest chomper is 22 inches long. It's a urethane and foam mask with dental acrylic teeth. We head-cast the performer to get a perfect fit, and he was able to see through the eyes. The difference with this mask was its fiberglass understructure. Dental acrylic has its profits in that you can buff, tint and dye it to look precisely like teeth and gums. But the weight in this case was just incredible.

"Frank and Edgar will continue making great films," Bartalos summarizes. "They'll make movies no matter what. Someday one of their movies is really gonna hit it big."

And in all likelihood, Bartalos will be right there with them.

HICKOX

(continued from page 61)

'X-rated' movie." Hickox appealed the rating and finally got it changed to an R without any cuts. "Getting an R was something I was very conscious of all along, since we had so many problems with *Waxwork*. There's still gore in *Sundown*, but it's in the right places. It's such a fun film that gore for gore's sake wouldn't have worked.

"I love horror movies, I watch them all the time, and I think I've seen just about every way of killing a person on film," Hickox reasons. "What's important to me now is, where do you go after the gore? We've seen most of the gore effects before, anyway. We've all seen bodies ripped in half and so on. What I'm concerned about right now is the story that goes around the gore. I remember saying something like that at the FANGORIA convention, and someone screamed their disapproval at me from the audience. I'd actually like to take that guy from the convention into dailies with me one day, just to show him close-ups of gore effects. They don't work out of context. I recently did a gore effects reshoot for a film called *Dark Side of the Moon*. They wanted close-ups of some guy's intestines falling out with a head coming through. Probably the goriest thing I've ever done, but watching it in dailies is just so unexciting. The reason it becomes so horrifying is because of the story that goes around it. The only reason you go, 'Yuck!' is because some character is going to be near the gore or because a character's got his leg chopped off and is in pain."

Hey! Don't start yelling, "Traitor!" Keep in mind that this guy is one of the few professed horror filmmakers in Hollywood these days. And he shows no sign of repenting.

"I do love shocking people," he grins. "It's fun scaring an audience, jolting them and making them react in some way. I love sitting with audiences when they react. At a Seattle screening of *Sundown*, I sat there and people were screaming and cheering and laughing all the way through. It's a great feeling, especially in a film with subtle vampire jokes running through it. I sometimes think, 'My God, if I ever made a serious, John Hughes-type teenage study, I'd *never* know what the audience was thinking, because they just don't react vocally.' If I don't get a reaction every few minutes—whether a laugh, a scream or just a giggle—I get very offended."

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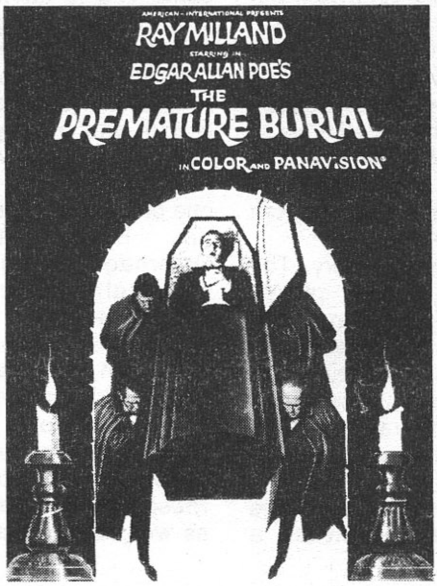

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You'd figure that a rich prince like Prospero could hire a few decent busboys to keep the place tidy.

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By JOHN WOOLEY

Masque of the Red Death

"It takes a bit of time to get into the film's unique, almost somnambulistic rhythms, but it's worth the effort."

Want to see a bunch of decadent young longhairs eat and drink too much and pass out in the unclad arms of girls from town? Well, you can either sneak backstage after the next Guns N' Roses concert, or go see *Masque of the Red Death*, the new remake of Roger Corman's 1964 blend of cheap thrills and high art.

Director and co-writer Larry Brand has stayed true to Corman's intent, if not his exact approach, with this *Masque*. It's a brooding psychological horror piece with art-house ambitions, light on the makeup FX but heavy on the atmosphere, imagery and pervasive sense of doom. Although based on the famous Edgar Allan Poe story, it's also a kind of horror *Hamlet*, with the lead character moping around his decaying castle, posing all sorts of rhetorical questions about life and death, sin and redemption, and God and free will in a melancholy way before being done in by his own fatal flaw. The Hamlet figure here is Prince Prospero (British actor Adrian Paul, star of *Last Rites*), who has inherited the Prince job from his evil father. Prospero is married to Princess Lucretia (Rob Reiner and Penny Marshall's daughter Tracy Reiner), a relationship that, as it turns out, carries more than a hint of incest. As soon as the prince and princess open their mouths, you realize this isn't going to be your average zero-budget effort. The intentions of Brand and co-scripter Daryl Haney are obvious from the opening frames: This is a film that's going to say something, and it's not going to fool around about it.

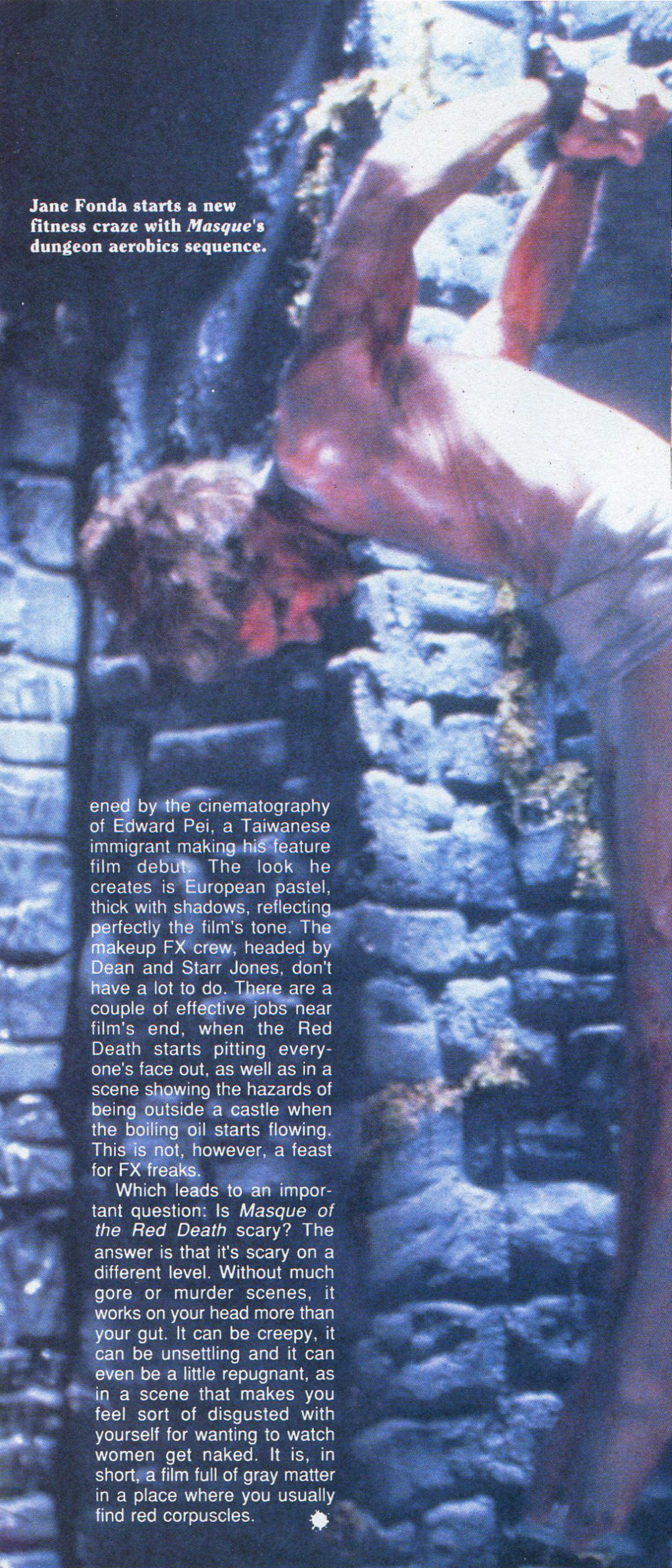
Now, there will be those who find the early dialogue so pregnant with meaning and nuance that it sounds self-conscious and contrived, but much of that may be because you just don't *hear* this kind of dialogue anymore, especially in low-budget horror pictures shot in Southern California. It takes a bit of time to get into the film's unique, almost somnambulistic rhythms, but it's worth the effort.

You know the story. The Red Death, which causes people to develop big blotches on their faces, stagger around and die—an experience many of us have had on prom night—rages through the countryside, spread by a mysterious figure dressed in red. Frightened by the whole scene, Prospero invites a number of noblemen (one of whom is played by co-writer Haney) to his castle, where he figures everyone will be safe. He also brings in a number of young women from the village, so the lords will have something to do when they grow tired of eating, drinking and horsing around in the dungeon with the castle's official torturer and his charges. Brand and Haney deviate from the Poe tale when their Prospero takes a fancy to one of the town girls he's had his lieutenant (Jeff Osterhage) bring in, the stunningly exotic Julietta (Clare Hoak).

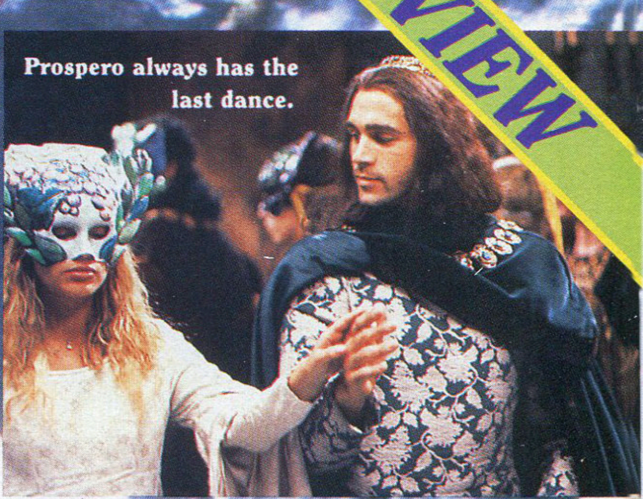
Julietta's not having any of it, though, and rebuffs the prince with lines like, "Your power is only over my body." Considering Hoak's body, this doesn't sound too bad, but Prospero wants her affection as well, feeling that the love of a good woman can control the darkness in his soul. Meanwhile, Prospero's old mentor—played by Patrick Macnee, the film's big name—suddenly shows up at the castle after an absence of years. Macnee's character is named Machiavel, which gives you an idea of the level of symbolism and metaphor we're looking at here.

Although *Masque* has enough thematic threads winding through it to fuel three or four grad student English papers, the major one is the old mad scientist riff about meddling in God's domain. In his castle, Prospero holds the power of life and death, say Brand and Haney, and when he abuses it, he gets his butt kicked. The theme itself is a hoary one, but it is executed in fresh ways, giving the story an extra resonance.

The film's mood is height-



Jane Fonda starts a new fitness craze with *Masque*'s dungeon aerobics sequence.

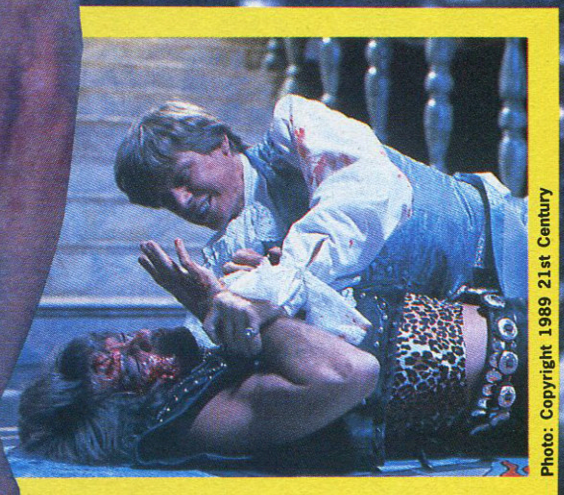


Prospero always has the last dance.

ened by the cinematography of Edward Pei, a Taiwanese immigrant making his feature film debut. The look he creates is European pastel, thick with shadows, reflecting perfectly the film's tone. The makeup FX crew, headed by Dean and Starr Jones, don't have a lot to do. There are a couple of effective jobs near film's end, when the Red Death starts pitting everyone's face out, as well as in a scene showing the hazards of being outside a castle when the boiling oil starts flowing. This is not, however, a feast for FX freaks.

Which leads to an important question: Is *Masque of the Red Death* scary? The answer is that it's scary on a different level. Without much gore or murder scenes, it works on your head more than your gut. It can be creepy, it can be unsettling and it can even be a little repugnant, as in a scene that makes you feel sort of disgusted with yourself for wanting to watch women get naked. It is, in short, a film full of gray matter in a place where you usually find red corpuscles.

✸



If Corman doesn't satisfy your *Masque* appetite, 21st Century has a second remake on the way.

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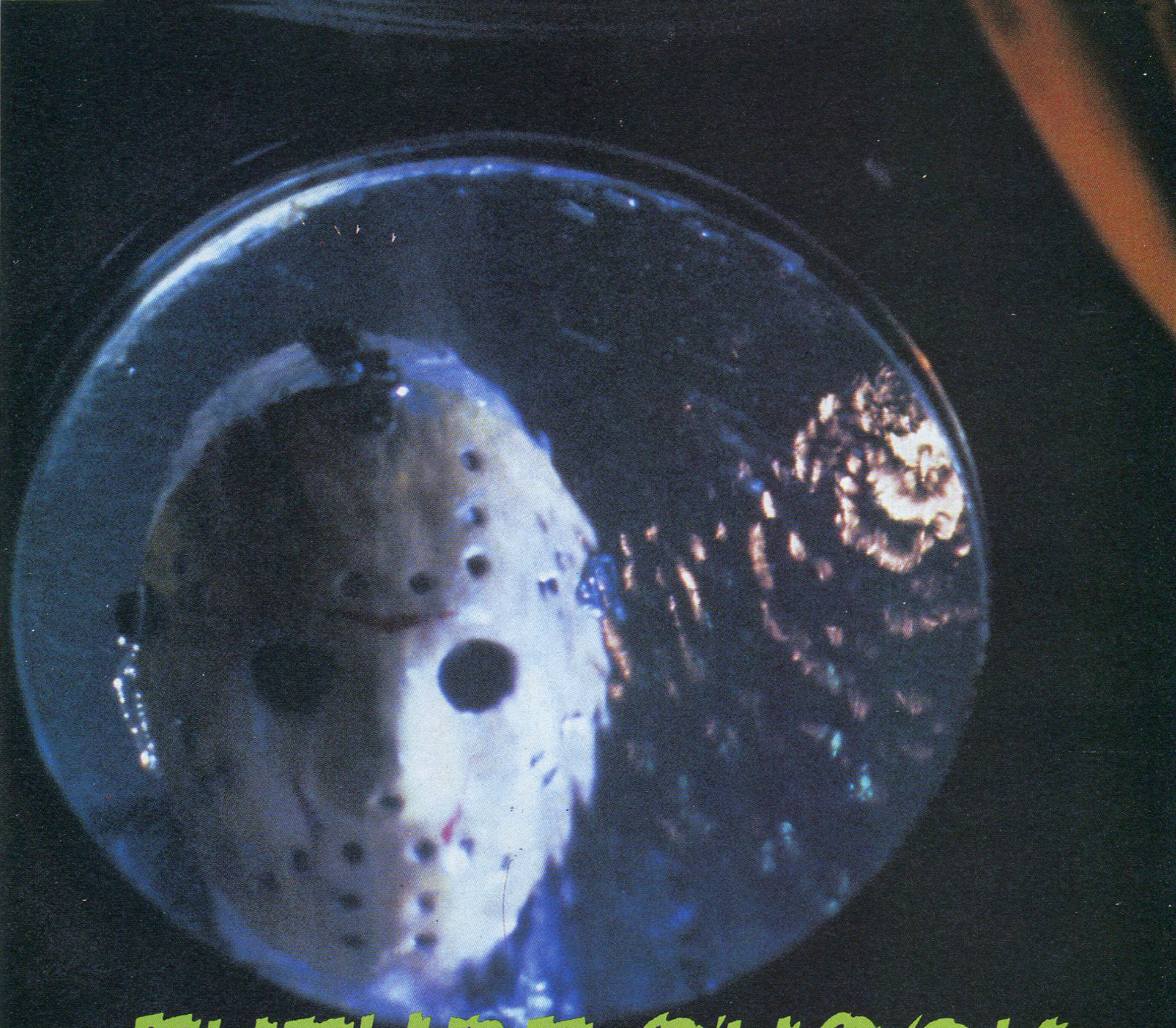

FUTURE SHOCK

Hey! Check your calendars, gang—GOREZONE's got a birthday coming up! Yes, next issue marks the completion of another year's grind for the magazine they said would never last. It must have been wishful thinking on the part of the gutless wimps among us, because GOREZONE's still going strong, while the so-called "competition" has choked on well deserved mouthfuls of dirt.

But don't kid yourself. There are dark and dangerous days ahead. Self-righteous know-it-alls want to control everything you read or watch, and their prime targets are splatter films. Unfortunately, people who truly love the genre enough to fight back are in the minority. Famous artist/critic Steve Bissette provides an overview of gore in the past two years: where it was, where it's gone and where it's headed.

Independent horror is battling as furiously as ever, and Ohio has become a stomping ground to be reckoned with. In an upcoming ish, we'll give you a peek at the Midwestern slaughterfests headed your way in the coming year.

Brian Yuzna has contributed to some of the boldest, most audacious flicks of the past decade. As producer of RE-ANIMATOR, FROM BEYOND and DOLLS, he launched Stuart Gordon's brilliant directing career; as a director himself, Yuzna has delivered the bizarre SOCIETY and the eagerly awaited THE BRIDE OF RE-ANIMATOR. Be here for a spotlight on this rising talent.

As always, each issue will be packed with reviews, news and previews, examinations of hard-to-locate Euro splatter and chroniclings of hyper-edited "R-rated" releases. In short, GOREZONE is here to stay!

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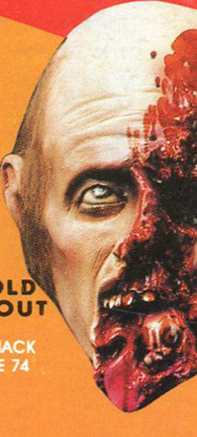

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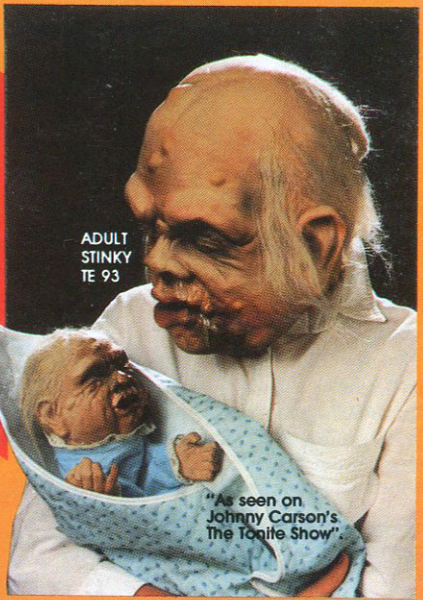

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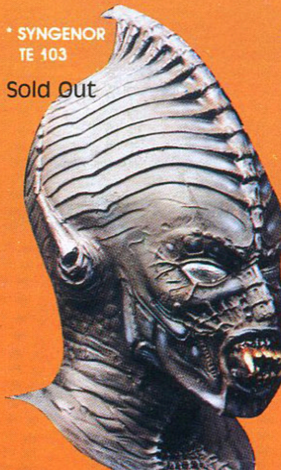

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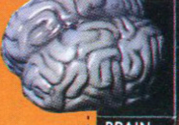

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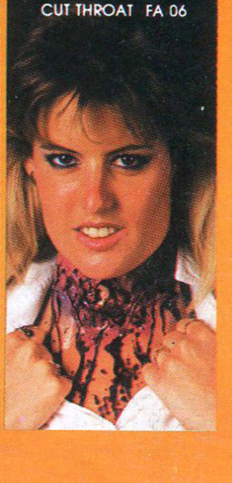

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